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The Standard.

DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.

At a meeting of the Acting Committee of the New-York Association of Friends for the Relief of those held in Slavery, and the Improvement of the Free People of Color, held in New-York, 6th mo. 7th, 1841, the work "on the Domestic Slave Trade of the United States," written by our esteemed friend, Dr. Joseph Parrish, deceased, having been referred by the General Association to the disposal of the Acting Committee, it was concluded that it be offered for insertion in the "Anti-Slavery Standard." Extract from the minutes.

CHARLES MARRIOTT, *Clerk.*

Extracts and Observations on the Domestic Slave Trade in the United States. BY DR. JOSEPH PARRISH.

By the term "Domestic slave trade," is to be understood an extensive traffic in human beings, carried on in the United States, in full view of the General Government, and with the sanction of the slaveholding States. In order more clearly to understand this subject, it will be proper to recur to slavery, as it existed in our country at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the thirteen States, which were parties to the original compact.

In the first instance, those thirteen colonies, declaring against the assumption of arbitrary power exerted by the mother country, which invaded their civil rights, and alarmed at the approaching calamities, were brought into deep humiliation, and felt the necessity, not only of learning, but of practising righteousness. Under these solemn impressions, the representatives in Congress declared in 1774, Article 2, "We will neither import nor purchase any slaves imported, after the first day of December, next, after which time we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, nor sell our commodities or manufactures, to those who are concerned in it." In 1778, at the Declaration of Independence, the equality of human rights was solemnly and publicly acknowledged;—the Bill of Rights, the Constitution of the United States and the Constitutions of the different States all recognize the same principles.

Taking these clear and strong declarations as an honest exposition of the feelings of those, by whom they were given forth, we should reasonably and rightfully expect that they would have been carried out in national practice. But what was the course pursued by the Federal Government, after it had escaped the dangers which at one period clothed the inhabitants of this land, as with sack-cloth and ashes.

We approach this subject respectfully, and wish to avoid any expressions which may be regarded as speaking evil of our rulers, yet in the cause of justice and humanity, we desire to relieve our minds by uttering the truth in plainness. Instead of the solemn pledge given in 1774, to abolish the slave trade being fulfilled, did not the rulers of that day enter into a constitutional compact, that Congress should not stop or interfere with this trade for twenty years? Instead of carrying out the principle, that "all men are created equal," &c., a compromise was entered into with the slaveholding States, abrogating the solemn covenant made in the hour of national calamity—a constitutional provision was adopted, and subsequently followed by a law of Congress, known as the fugitive bill.

Although slaveholding was then lawful in all the States, yet, in those north of Delaware the slaves were comparatively few. The States which depended mainly on slave labor, were Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia.—So long as the staples of any State consisted of tobacco, rice and cotton, the labor of slaves was regarded as profitable, and great numbers of them were employed on the plantations where they were born and raised, and thus they were retained in their own neighborhoods. It must also be kept in view, that at this period the slave trade from Africa to the United States was in operation, and Congress was restrained by a Constitutional provision, from any interference with this trade, until the year 1808.

As the population of the United States increased, the Federal Government admitted new States into the Union, whose luxuriant soil was much more favorable for producing the articles in which slave labor was mostly employed, than Delaware and Maryland, and they discovered that they were unable to compete with their more southern neighbors. Hence arose a change in their agricultural operations, which were more directed to raising bread-stuffs and other provisions. This lessened the demand for labor, and it became an object with those who held them, to dispose of their supernumerary slaves.

To accomplish this, no difficulty interposed. The fertile lands of the new States were in a progress of rapid settlement and cultivation, the profits of the planters, and the demand and price for laborers were great; and now commenced a scene of wrong and outrage, at the contemplation of which humanity shudders. The tenderest connections in life, husbands and wives, parents and children, in neighborhoods filled with kindred, from generation to generation, were severed from each other, and the unoffending victims driven off—many times loaded with chains—to endure renewed cruelties and oppression in a distant part of the land. The temptation to kidnap free persons of color was also increased, and many of these were seized and dragged into bondage.

Friends having liberated their own slaves, many of them became deeply interested in the cause of the oppressed, and endured their share of suffering and violent threatenings, as they steadily pursued the path of duty, and calmly met their opposers, relying on that power which is mightier than the noise of many waters. They were signally preserved, and the labors of individaals in the cause of the slave, were of no common order, and before the rulers of the General, and of some of the State governments, they were untiring and faithful advocates.

In the year 1806, John Parrish published his remarks on the slavery of the black people, addressed to the citizens of the United States. This work was submitted to the examination of the "meeting for Sufferings," and met its approbation. In the course of his remarks on the internal slave trade, we read: "There is a species of slave trade carried on in the United States, which in cruelty equals that of Africa. A class of men whose minds seem to have become almost callous to every tender feeling, having agents in various places, suited to their purpose, travel through different States, and by purchases, or otherwise, procure considerable numbers of this people, which consequently occasions a separation of the nearest connections in life, husbands from wives, and parents from children: the poignant sensations marked on their mournful countenances being disregarded, they are taken in droves through the country, like herds of cattle, but with less commiseration; for being chained, or otherwise fettered, the weight and friction of their shackles, naturally producing much soreness and pain, they are greatly incommoded in their travel. Jails, designed for the security of such as have forfeited their liberty by a breach of the laws, are, through the countenance of some in the magistracy, made receptacles for this kind of merchandise, and when opportunity presents for moving them farther, it is generally in the dead of the night, that their cries might not be heard, nor legal meatures pursued to restore to their rights such as have been kidnapped; others are chained in the arrets or cellars of private houses, till the number becoming nearly equal to the success which may have been expected, they are then conveyed on board, and crowded under the hatches of vessels secretly stationed for the purpose, and thus transported to Petersburg, in Virginia, or such other parts as will insure the best market; and many others are marched by land, to unknown destined places. Is it not a melancholy circumstance that such an abominable trade should be suffered in a land boasting of liberty? While I was waiting, with other Friends, on the legislature of Maryland, at their session in 1803, it was well known that a vessel lay in the river below Baltimore, to take in slaves—a practice frequent on the waters of Maryland, Delaware, and some other places. On the presentation of Friends' memorial, a committee being appointed, reported two resolves: one that it was reasonable an act should be passed, to prevent husband being separated from wife, and parents from children under ten years of age;—the other to prevent persons set free at a given time, by will or otherwise, from being sold and carried out of the State; but neither of these objects could be obtained. Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth, who is a refuge for the oppressed, and will in his own time plead their cause."

"Many of the people of color, who have fled, to prevent their being sold to southern traders, have by authority of the fugitive law, been pursued, brought back, and sold to men of this description, and as the government has refused to afford them any redress, to God only can they look for support. Thus this law is put in force against an unoffending people, while of the fugitive, for murder or theft, little or no notice is taken in some places. And as it is manifest that Congress supposed that they had a right to make laws to oppress this description of the great family of mankind, which is apparent by the aforesaid law, I apprehend there can be no doubt of their authority, if not in other places, at least in the District of Columbia, to prevent some of those evils this degraded part of our fellow men are groaning under. And where could it better begin, than at the seat of Government?"

In the course of his observations on this nefarious traffic, he relates instances of its cruelty; among others, "a Judge on the Eastern shore of Maryland, sold thirteen of his slaves to a southern trader, among whom was a woman whose husband was sent to gather oysters, while his wife was taken away.—When he returned and found his wife was gone, he expostulated with his master, querying whether he had not been a faithful servant for upwards of 20 years, and requested to be sold to go along with his wife—but was refused."

He farther states, that "the purchasers of the traders are frequently carried on with such secresy that the poor blacks, without the least intimation of the plot, when, perhaps, at their meals, or engaged in domestic concerns, are suddenly seized, bound, and carried off, either to some place provided for the purpose, or immediately on board the vessels waiting for a full cargo. Other slaves, struck with terror, have fled, to avoid the Georgia man. A man and his wife, on the eastern shore of Maryland, being thus circumstanced, fled, and under such alarm, it was said she had even left her sucking child. After they were taken, I met with them, coupled together in irons, and drawn along the road like brute beasts, by two rough, unfeeling men."

Let us proceed to trace the causes which have led to the slave trade, as it now exists in the heart of our republic. It is believed that comparatively few of our citizens are aware of the magnitude and extent of this inhuman traffic, that is sweeping over our southern land as with a besom of destruction, and annually sacrificing the peace and happiness of many thousand victims.

By a law of Congress, the African slave trade was abolished in 1808; and in 1820, a law was passed declaring that trade to be *piracy*, punishable with death. These enactments cutting off the foreign slave trade, had a direct tendency to enhance the value of domestic slaves. The rapid increase of new States, and the great demand for laborers, placed Virginia and North Carolina, in such a position that they found it to their interest, like Delaware and Maryland, to dispose of their surplus slave population. The settlement of the new States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, also occsioned an increased demand for slaves, and even Georgia and South Carolina, have found it more to their pecuniary interests to export a part of their slaves to Mobile, New Orleans, and Natchez, than to retain them on their plantations. Texas has recently opened a new market, and imparted an additional stimulus to the trade.

The cultivation of the sugar cane in the extreme South, combined with the great demand for cotton, not only in the United States, but in foreign markets, readily explain why the domestic slave trade has become an object of such vast importance and amount. It may be stated that a farther supply is furnished by the agriculturists of Virginia and the States adjacent, who have directed their attention to raising bread stuffs, pork and other provisions; they have found their pecuniary interests increased by raising and feeding human beings as stock for the more western and southern markets, and in this way an almost incredible number are regularly transferred from the North to the South, under the name of slaves.

The transportation being effected both by land and sea, It is difficult to ascertain the exact amount. Vast numbers of these victims are driven long and painful journeys in the interior of the republic, loaded with fetters; others are conveyed by sea from Alexandria and other ports, and under the general term of coasting trade, this iniquitous traffic is concealed from public view, but enough is known to form some estimate of its extent and cruelty.

In the District of Columbia, under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, regular slave traders congregate, and open their factories of cruelty and oppression. Although almost impossible to believe, yet in virtue of authority delegated by Congress, among the laws of the city of Washington, is an enactment bearing date, 28th of July, 1831, granting licenses to those "who trade or traffic in slaves for profit, on payment of $400."

To prove that this license is not a dead letter, but an awful reality, we find the public papers in the District, containing a number of advertisements for the purchase of slaves. We insert one or two for a sample.

"CASH FOR NEGROES.—I will give cash, and liberal prices for any number of likely negroes from eight to forty years of age. Persons having negroes to dispose of, will find it for their advantage to give me a call at my residence, on the corner of Seventh street and Maryland avenue, and opposite Mr. Williams' private jail.

WM. H. RICHARDS."

"CASH FOR NEGROES.—The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi market. Himself or his agent can at all times be found at his jail on Seventh street.

WM. H. WILLIAMS."

When these traders in men, women and children have collected a sufficient number of victims, they are sent to the South over land in coffles, or shipped by sea in crowded slavers. That all this is done in open day, and in the face of the General Government, admits of no doubt. The slave traders become bold and shameless, from the encouragement they meet with, and the papers of the District having an extensive circulation in America and Europe, become the willing instruments for the diffusion of infamy and shame. One single factory announces through the columns of the National Intelligencer, the regular departure of three slavers, as will appear by the following advertisement.

"ALEXANDRIA AND NEW-ORLEANS PACKETS.

Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bush master, will sail as above on the 1st of January. Brig Isaac Franklin, Wm. Smith, master, on the 15th of January. Brig Unca, Nathaniel Bush, master, on the 1st of February. Servants that are intended to be shipped, will at any time be received for safe-keeping, at twenty-five cents per day.

JOHN ARMFIELD, Alexandria."

Here we see a regular business, an indefinite number advertised for, and the regular departure of slavers publicly announced, yet in the face of all these facts, the traffic is continued under the exclusive and immediate jurisdiction of the National Government, and Northern members of Congress are to be found, who will vote that Congress ought not in any way to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia. Thus it appears, that while a law of Congress exists, declaring the African slave-trade to be piracy; American slavers are fitted out in the district of Columbia and other southern ports, the time for their sailing with their human cargoes publicly advertised in one of the most conspicuous newspapers in the United States, and the same flag which waves over and protects the domestic slave ships, and their crews as American citizens, if used by the same citizens in the foreign slave-trade, subjects them on due conviction of the crime to the punishment of death.

It must be admitted that the following pictures of the scenes witnessed in the District of Columbia, are drawn by impartial hands. So long ago as 1802, the Grand Jury of Alexandria complaining of this trade, remarked:

"These dealers in the persons of our fellow men collect in this district, from various parts, numbers of these victims of slavery, and lodge them in some place of confinement until they have completed their numbers. They are then turned out into our streets, and exposed to view loaded with chains, as if they had committed some heinous offence against our laws. We consider it as a grievance, that citizens from a distant part of the United States should be permitted to come within the District and pursue a traffic fraught with so much misery to a class of beings entitled to our protection by the laws of justice and humanity:—and that the interposition of civil authority cannot be had to prevent parents being wrested from their offspring, and children from their parents, without respect to the ties of nature. We consider these things grievances demanding legislative redress; that is, redress by Congress."

In 1816, Judge Morell, of the Circuit Court of the United States, in his charge to the Grand Jury at Washington, observed, speaking of the slave-trade, "The frequency with which the streets of the city had been crowded with manacled captives, sometimes on the Sabbath, could not fail to shock the feelings of all humane persons." The same year John Randolph moved in the House of Representatives, for a Committee "to inquire into the existence of an inhuman and illegal traffic in slaves, carried on, in and through the District of Columbia, and report whether any, or what measures are necessary for putting a stop to the same." The motion was adopted; had it been made twenty years later, it would, under the rules of the House, have been laid on the table, and no further action had thereon.

The Alexandria Gazette of June 22d, 1827, thus describes the scenes sanctioned by our professedly republican and Christian Legislature:

"Scarce a week passes without some of the wretched creatures being driven through our streets. After having been confined, and sometimes manacled, in a loathsome prison, they are turned out into public view, to take their departure for the South. The children and some of the women are generally crowded into a cart or wagon, while others follow on foot, not unfrequently hand-cuffed and chained together. Here you may behold fathers and brothers leaving behind them the dearest objects of affection, and moving slowly along, in the mute agony of dispair;—there the young mother, sobbing over the infant whose innocent smiles seem but to increase her misery. From some you will hear the burst of bitter lamentation, while from others the loud hysteric laugh breaks forth, denoting still deeper agony."

In 1828 a petition for the suppression of this trade was presented to Congress, signed by more than one thousand inhabitants of the District. In 1829 the Grand Jury at Washington made a communication to Congress, in which they say, "Provision ought to be made to prevent purchasers for the purpose of removal and transportation, from making the cities of this District, depots for the imprisonment of the slaves they collect. The manner in which they are brought and confined in these places, and carried through our streets, is necessarily such as to excite the most painful feelings. It is believed that the whole community would be gratified by the interference of Congress for the suppression of these receptacles, and the exclusion of this disgusting traffic from the district."

Passing from the District of Columbia, let us proceed to give some idea of the extent of the trade in human beings, in some other places.

"Dealing in slaves," says the Baltimore Register, "has become a large business. Establishments are made in several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle." We annex one or two advertisements, taken from many similar that appear in the daily Journals published in Baltimore.

"Austin Woolfolk, of Baltimore, wishes to inform the slaveholders of Maryland and Virginia, that their friend still lives to give cash and the highest price for negroes," &c.

"GENERAL SLAVE AGENCY OFFICE.—Gentlemen planters from the South, and others who wish to purchase negroes, would do well to give me a call.

LEWIS SCOTT."

"CASH FOR NEGROES.—The highest cash prices will at all times be given for negroes of both sexes, that are slaves for life, and good titles. My office is in Pratt street, between Sharp and Howard streets, and opposite to the Repository—where I or my agent can be seen at all times. All persons having Negroes to sell, would do well to see me before they dispose of them, as I am always buying and forwarding to the New-Orleans market. I will also receive and keep negroes at twenty-five cents each, per day, and forward them to any Southern port, at the request of the owner. My establishment is large, comfortable, and airy, and all above ground, and kept in complete order, with a large yard for exercise; and is the strongest and most splendid building of the kind in the United States. And as the character of my house and yard is so completely established, for strength, comfort, and cleanliness, and it being a place where I keep all my own, I will not be accountable, for the future, for any escapes of any kind from my establishment.

mh3—dtf HOPE H. SLATER."

"CASH FOR NEGROES.—I wish to purchase immediately, 50 to 60 likely Young Negroes of both sexes, from 12 to 30 years of age, for which I am disposed to pay the highest market prices in cash. Persons having negroes to sell, will do well to see me before they dispose of them. Myself or agent can at all times be found at my office, No. 2 South Calvert street, or at Whitman's Eagle Hotel, opposite the Baltimore and Philadelphia Rail Road Office, or at my dwelling, Hartford Avenue.—Slaves received and provided with good provisions and bedding, and every care and attention paid to their comfort, and shipped to any order. All communications will be promptly attended to, if directed to me.

JAS. F. PURVIS."

That human beings have become the great staple of Virginia, is admitted by one of her own citizens. In the Legislature of this State in 1832, Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared that Virginia had been converted into one grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market like oxen for the shambles.—C. F. Mercer asserted in the Virginia Convention of 1829, that "the tables of the natural growth of the slave population demonstrate, when compared with the increase of its numbers in the Commonwealth for twenty years past, that an annual revenue of not less than a million and a half of dollars is derived from the exportation of a part of this population."—Debates, page 99.

Professor E. Andrews gives a conversation he had with a trader on board a steam boat on the Potomac, in 1835.

"In selling his slaves N—— assures me he never separates families; but in purchasing them, he is often compelled to do so, for his business is to purchase, and he must take such as are in the market. 'Do you often buy the wife without the husband?'—'Yes, very often, and frequently too, they sell me the mother while they keep the children. I have known them to take away the infant from the mother's breast, and keep it, while they sold her. Children from one year to eighteen months old are now worth one hundred dollars.'"

Among the ports in Virginia, engaged in the slave trade, Petersburg has a considerable share, judging by the advertisements of her slave merchants. We insert a sample.

"CASH FOR NEGROES.—The subscribers are particularly anxious to make a shipment of negroes shortly. All persons who have slaves to part with, will do well to call as soon as possible.

OVERLY & SAUNDERS."

"The subscriber wishes to purchase one hundred slaves, of both sexes, from the age of ten to thirty, for which he is disposed to give much higher prices than have heretofore been given. He will call on those living in the adjacent country to see any property.

ANSLEY DAVIS."

It remains for us to notice one more instance in Richmond Virginia. A trader named Lewis A. Collier, seems to surpass in enterprise, all his associates, and he has the honesty to avow his trade, and call it by its true name. We give some extracts from his notice.

"This is to inform my former acquaintance, and the public generally, that I yet continue the *slave trade* at Richmond, Virginia, and will at all times buy and give a fair market price for young negroes. Persons in this State, Maryland, or North Carolina, wishing to sell lots of negroes, are particularly requested to forward their wishes to me at this place. Persons wishing to purchase lots of negroes, are requested to give me a call, as I keep constantly on hand, at this place, a great many for sale, and have at this time the use of one hundred young negroes, consisting of boys, young men and girls. I will sell at all times, at a small advance on cost, to suit purchasers. I have comfortable rooms with a jail attached, for the reception of the negroes, and persons coming to this place to sell slaves, can be accommodated, and every attention necessary will be given, to have them well attended to; and when it may be desired, the reception of the company of gentlemen dealing in slaves, will conveniently and attentively be received. My situation is healthy and suitable for the business."

Here we have a clear business like description of a complete Slave Factory, but instead of its being located on the coast of Africa, where our citizens, if caught, would be liable to be hung, it happens to be in the city of Richmond, the seat of Government of the State of Virginia, where slave traders are protected and encouraged. T. J. Randolph, in the course of his remarks in the Virginia Legislature in 1832, compares the domestic with the foreign traffic, thus, "The trader (African) receives the slaves, strangers in aspect, language and manner, from the merchant who brought them from the interior. But here individuals whom the master has known from infancy; whom he has seen sporting in the innocent gambols of childhood; who have been accustomed to look to him for protection;—he tears from the mother's arms, and sells them into a strange country, among a strange people, subject to cruel task masters."

Let us now inquire what amount do Virginia and her citizens derive from this commerce. C. F. Mercer, as we have seen, estimated the annual revenue to Virginia from the export of human flesh at one million and a half dollars. But this was in 1829, before the trade had reached its present palmy state. The Virginia Times in 1836, in an article on the importance of increasing the banking capital of the commonwealth, estimates the number of slaves exported for sale, the last twelve months, at forty thousand; each slave averaging $600, and thus yielding a capital of $24,000,000, of which the editor thinks at least $13,000,000, might be contributed for banking purposes.—*Niles Register.*

However refinement and modesty may be shocked at the term, "raising slaves for market," yet its practical reality is so entirely undeniable, that it is deemed best to adapt words to its real character. Let us take, for example, the state of Virginia alone. Cut off by law from the importation of foreign slaves, we find by the showing of her own citizens that she derived from her exports of human beings, in 1828, an annual revenue of one million and a half of dollars, and in the year 1836 her citizens supplied the domestic market with forty thousand slaves for exportation, amounting to $24,000,000. Now, when we take a calm review of these facts, where shall we find language sufficiently strong to express our horror of a system fraught with so much evil, and involving millions in wretchedness and misery:—that a community professing the benign doctrines of the Christian religion and the refinements of civilization, should reduce to a system the rearing of human beings for the shambles of the distant South. The sudden impulse of infuriated passions, prostrating for a short time the best feelings of our nature, cannot here be plead in extenuation of guilt. No. The principle of action is based on those cold, unruffled, and sordid calculations which are the offspring of avarice and cruelty in their most concentrated forms.

Have we not strong evidence that George Washington forcibly felt a principle of justice operating on his mind, which he could no longer resist, when in his will, the last solemn act of human life, he directed the liberation of his slaves, thus becoming, at his death, a practical abolitionist? A more recent instance of the power of the principle of justice on the mind, in John Randolph of Roanoke, may not be irrelevant. Filling, as he did, a distinguished station in our country, with commanding talents, and powers of eloquence rarely surpasssed—a slaveholder and defender of the system; view him in an awful hour, wherein he was brought practically to know that the king on his throne, the slave, his master, Lazarus at the gate of the rich man, were all equal, and were all reduced to a common level. Behold him about to enter that world invisible to human eye. He saw and he felt that his moments were few, and even they were numbered. All his wealth and his plans of ambition were fleeting away like bubbles on a rapid stream; every earthly prop was removed. The agony of his spirit was great and irrepressible; it appeared to be fanning the expiring flame of life, until he was enabled, in the presence of witnesses, to confirm a will wherein he had liberated and provided for the settlement of more than five hundred beings whom he held as slaves. Thus, in his death, he also became a practical abolitionist.

While we are all familiar with the fact that millions of our fellow beings in the United States who have colored skins, are held in unconditional bondage, and their persons are as much the subjects of trade and commerce as the beasts of the field, it is yet presumed that a vast body of our fellow citizens are uninformed that the fair and white skin does not always afford protection from the relentless grasp of slavery. Many instances are on record, and much proof of the fact could be produced. We quote only one advertisement as a sample of many that are almost of daily occurrence.

"One hundred dollars reward will be given for the apprehension of my negro, Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and his complexion *so nearly white* that it is believed a stranger would suppose there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time since, in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man.—*Rich. Whig.*

ANDREW BOWLES."

It is also worthy of observation, that in the constitutional provision, as well as in the fugitive law, the terms "slaves" and "negroes" are avoided. Is it uncharitable to conclude, that those who were concerned in this compromise were so conscience-stricken at the manifest violation of already declared republican principles, that they concealed the design of the law under cover of the term "persons owing service or labor," and thus excluded from the statute the word slave?

These provisions may be regarded as the first instances of dereliction of declared principles, among a people who boast of liberty and the rights of man. These rights should ever be regarded as a citadel surrounded by walls and battlements. Should a breach be made through them, no foresight is able to scan the consequence which may ensue.

It is familiar to those whose attention has been practically directed to the fugitive law, that many instances of gross violations of justice have taken place under cover of this law, and the victims have been hurried off into unconditional bondage. And let us mark the legal difference set up between man and beasts or common merchandise. Should a horse or bale of goods be claimed by these conspirators, the defendant would have all the benefits of a deliberate investigation before a court and jury; but under this law, a free born American citizen may be seized and condemned as a slave, without time being allowed to prove the right to his own person.

By virtue of this law, in the city of Philadephia, a recent instance occurred:—two free born colored men were seized, and for some weeks kept in prison, on the claim set up by a slaveholder from Baltimore, who, but for the timely interference of some kind individuals, would have been carried off into interminable bondage.

Thus our country exhibits a disposition to lawless violence, and iniquity has many and powerful defenders. Men-stealers are walking fearlessly among us, watching for their prey, and to secure it, are making daring attempts. Their efforts will be more bold in proportion to their profits. A torrent of iniquity has swept over our land, and the slave trade, with its accumulated horrors, is in our midst, carrying woe and destruction in its course.

Selections.

From the Philanthropist.

THE WHOLE CASE OF JOHN B. MAHAN.

At a meeting of the Sardinia Anti-Slavery Society, held June 3d, 1841, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Whereas, we understand that the Mason Circuit Court, Ky., has recently decided the cause of Wm. Greathouse, vs. John B. Mahan, by rendering judgment against the defendant for sixteen hundred dollars with interest and cost of suit: therefore,

Resolved, That we consider that decision as a gross perversion of justice, and an iniquitous violation of the rights of man, done in obedience to the mandate of slavery.

Resolved, That such perversion of right should be held up to the world for public reprobation:—therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to make out a statement of the facts in the above cause, and report them to this Society at some subsequent meeting, for examination and revision, for the purpose of this publication.

Resolved, That the committee consist of the following persons, viz: Dr. J. M. Beck, J. E. Hugins, Josiah Moore, James Cumberland and Lewis Pettijohn.

On motion, adjourned to meet Monday, 14th inst. at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Monday evening, June 14th, the Society met agreeably to adjournment: whereupon the committee appointed to report the facts in relation to the cause of Wm. Greathouse, vs. J. B. Mahan, presented the following report, which was received and unanimously adopted:

Your committee to whom was referred the case of the law suit which was recently decided in the Mason Circuit Court, in the State of Kentucky, between Wm. Greathouse, of Mason county, Ky., and John B. Mahan, of the State of Ohio, after a patient investigation and mature reflection on the subject, ask leave to report as follows:

Wm. Greathouse, by the procurement of Jas. Rock, alias Jas. Rock Perigo, a strolling gambler and horse racer, a most infamous swindler, as is clearly established, partly by his cross-examination, and in part by ten depositions of the most respectable gentlemen in Huron county, did by the foulest perjury at the Mason Circuit Court, Aug. term, 1838, cause the said J. B. Mahan to be indicted in two indictments, charging him with aiding and assisting two slaves, (John and Nelson) the property of William Greathouse, to escape out of and beyond the State of Kentucky; whereupon Mr. Clark, Governor of Kentucky, made a requisition of the Governor of Ohio, Jos. Vance, to deliver over to his agent the said J. B. Mahan as a fugitive from justice, notwithstanding the said J. B. Mahan had not been within the jurisdiction of said Court for nineteen years and a half, and had not at any time had any cerrespondence with any person residing there. According to the said requisition, said J. B. Mahan was delivered over to the agent of Governor Clark, and imprisoned in the Mason county jail for more than ten weeks. On the second day of his imprisonment, a capias was served on him in person, by the sheriff of the county, to answer unto William Greathouse in damages in the sum of $1700, the value of said slaves. On the next day after his arrest on the capias, overtures were sent into the prison for a compromise of the whole matter, criminal and civil—Greathouse proposing, that if the value of said negroes should be left with some responsible person in Ohio, he would send the witness Perigo out of the way at court, and so the said J. B. Mahan should be acquitted. J. B. Mahan feeling a consciousness of innocence, and that none of his actions had made him liable for the value of said slaves, utterly refused a compromise on any conditions whatever. Greathouse continued from time to time to send in overtures. He also sent overtures to said Mahan's family by the Rev. John Meek, his friend in Ohio, but finding every effort to obtain pay for his fugitive slaves in that way utterly fruitless, he left off his importunities, and commenced making preparations to convict Mahan of the offence for which he stood indicted. In order to do this, he employed four able lawyers, and when court came on, by means of these and his mercenary witness Perigo, he thought to make sure work; but in this was sadly foiled. Said Mahan was acquitted; the testimony of said Perigo, though absolutely a perjury, not being of such a kind as to give the court jurisdiction in the case. The said Greathouse then made another effort at obtaining a compromise of the suit for damages, for the value of said negroes. He introduced himself to Mr. Mahan, brother of J. B. Mahan, who was then at Washington, and offered by him to take $800, and compromise the suit: but not succeeding in this, and beginning to think it a desperate case, he had the suit put off till the next term, hoping in the mean time to find some testimony that might subserve the interests of his suit. He procured an individual who resides in Sardinia, by bribery or other means, to go to Kentucky and give his deposition, in which he set forth that he saw the slaves John and Nelson at the house of J. B. Mahan, in Sardinia, Ohio, and saw the said Mahan give one of them money, &c. He also prevailed on Ann A. Deon, a strolling woman in the county of Brown, and State of Ohio, to go south to the mouth of Ohio river, that he might there take her deposition without subjecting her to a prosecution for perjury.—She there, at Cairo, Ill., swore that in 1838, at the time said slaves run away, she was boarding at the tavern house of J. B. Mahan, and teaching school in the neighborhood; and that she saw the said Wm. Greathouse at said Mahan's, hunting his negroes; and that said Mahan had his negroes up stairs, and so secreted them there for eight or ten days, then gave them a five dollar bill and sent them on their way to Canada. All of which said Mahan proved to be false by more than a score of witnesses. And had her deposition been made in Brown county, nothing could have saved her from a conviction of perjury, and imprisonment in the penitentiary. The fact, that she did not board at the tavern of J. B. Mahan in the summer of 1838, and teach a school in the neighborhood of Sardinia, are so permanently notorious, accounts for the fact that she could not be induced to give such testimony till she was out of the jurisdiction of an Ohio Court. Greathouse repeatedly offered to hire her (according to her own statement) to swear, while she resided in Brown county. But all to no purpose, she knowing the great peril to which she would expose hersel by the commission of such a perjury.

J. B. Mahan, in his defence at a very considerable cost, and great loss of time, obtained the testimony of ten of the most respectable men at Norwalk and Milan, Huron county, Ohio, by which he showed to the court and jury that J. R. Perigo was a most infamous gambler, swindler, and horse-racer; that he and his associates (one of whom was afterwards shot by a Kentuckian at Sandusky city, in an affray,) carried on a series of swindling transactions on the Milan canal, in 1834, and swindled several citizens of that county out of not less than twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods, wares, merchandise, horses, &c.; that he was indicted in Huron county and fled; he afterwards engaged, according to his own confession, (see cross examination,) in horse-racing.

He also took more than sixty depositions in Brown county, of men and women of the most respectable standing in society, both abolitionists and anti-abolitionists, by which he clearly and sufficiently proved the following facts:

1st. That Ann A. Devon's testimony was all false. That she did not board at the tavern of J. B. Mahan, and keep a school in the neighborhood of Sardinia in 1838, at the time said slaves, John and Nelson, ran away, &c. &c.; that she is a woman of infamous character, and not worthy of credit.

2d. That the slave John came to Sardinia in the morning, and staid publicly through the day; was not secreted nor concealed—that a Mr. Lewis Pettijohn invited him in the evening to go with him to his residence in Highland county, and that a certain J. W. J. Myers took two horses and assisted the said Joon on his way towards Canada—that J. B. Mahan had nothing to do with facilitating the escape of said (slave) John.

3d. That a certain colored man named Vieny, found the said Nelson escaping at a point near Georgetown, Brown co., Ohio, and took him to a certain A. Huggins, not coming within four miles of Sardinia; and that a certain J. B. Huggins, now residing at Quincy, Ill., took horses and assisted the said Nelson to Wilmington, Clinton co., Ohio. Consequently he was never nearer Sardinia than four miles; and that said J. B. Mahan knew nothing of the said Nelson or his escape, till he was 40 miles north of his residence.

4th. That the whole of said Mahan's offence, in relation to the said slaves John and Nelson, consisted principally in giving the said John entertainment at his table for the space of one day, and that in the most public manner. These proofs, together with others of minor importance, being submitted to the jury in the Mason Circuit Court, May term, 1841, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the value of said John and Nelson—$1,600 damages. These are the most prominent facts of the case, from which we think may be clearly drawn the following deductions:

1st. That Wm. Greathouse, whatever might have been the intentions of aiders and abettors, had no other design in procuring the delivery of J. B. Mahan to the authorities of Kentucky, than to subserve his own pecuniary interests, by having the defendant brought within slaveholding jurisdiction, that he might have the advantage of a slaveholding court and jury—the advantage of the defendant and witnesses' residence in another State. And the event shows that he did not err in his calculations on the vigilance of the slave power, to protect its interest by warping the judgment of court and jury.

2d. That Gov. Vance of Ohio, in issuing his warrant for the delivery over of said defendant, for an act merely *malum prohibitum*, acted every way unworthy of the trust reposed in him as Governor of a free and independent State. That in delivering over fugitives from justice, according to the provisions of the Constitution of the U. S., the crime set forth in the requisition should be *malum in se*, such an act as is pronounced criminal by the laws and religions of all civilized countries, and in the second place should be free from any fraudulent or suspicious circumstances.

3d. That as the requisition of Gov. Clark for the delivery over of the defendant, bore on the very face of it a falsehood of the foulest sort, which consisted in averring that the defendant had fled from justice, away from Mason county, Ky., while at the same time neither the perjured witness, the grand jury who found the indictment, the prosecutor, nor his assistants, nor any other person, ever pretended that the defendant had ever been in the State of Kentucky at any time previous to his arrest, is a circumstance quite sufficient to justify the Governors of Ohio, in all their future course, in relation to demands of a similar kind coming from that quarter, to be exceedingly cautious, and to deliver over persons claimed as fugitives from justice, only after the defendant is brought before the Governor, and permitted to show any fraud which may exist in his case.

4th. That notwithstanding several witnesses, especially Ann A. Devore, J. R. Perigo, and the individual who resides in Sardinia, whose name we spare, committed perjury of the most iniquitous character; still their testimony was so fully confronted by scores of witnesses of the most respectable standing, that nothing but the strongest bias of a slaveholding jury and slaveholding court, in favor of slavery and against liberty, would have procured a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

5th. That henceforth so long as slavery exists, abolitionists and all philanthropists living on its borders, who are known publicly to exercise the hospitality of the Bible towards the needy, stand in jeopardy every hour, and are eminently in danger of being grievously harrassed with law-suits of the most unjust kind.

6th. That unless this, and like cases, receive the reprobation which they deserve from the public, no man in the free States will be secure one hour: for slaveholders will find it cheaper to recover the price of their fugitive by commencing a prosecution against some respectable individual, (through whose neighborhood he passed,) and have him brought within the jurisdiction of a pro-slavery court, and there establish his claim by perjured witnesses, than to hire mercenaries to hunt his fugitives. It will cost less to hire men to commit the necessary perjury, than to catch the fugitive. For very few who will do the last, but will cheerfully do the first.

Resolved, That the resolutions of the last meeting of this Society, relating to the business of the present meeting, together with the report of the committee, be forwarded to the Philanthropist for publication.

J. B. MOORE, Sec'y.

SLAVERY!—ITS EFFECTS ON THE WORLD!

[From the Nengath Guardian, an Irish newspaper. Behold how the battle-shout of Freedom echoes through the world!]

Again we take up our pen to record our conviction that the cause of Abolition—of human freedom throughout the world—must be speedily triumphant. Such an atrocious system as that of slavery could only exist where there was much darkness; and accordingly, now that light is spreading—now that busy and active and intelligent minds have begun to look deeply into the subject, it is found to be alike opposed to the dictates of religion and morality, and to a sound system of commercial prosperity; and that it is in vain to hope a people—a world will be regenerated, so long as such a curse exists in any part of it, the evils of which cannot but contaminate all within its influence.

Yes, we repeat it, slavery cannot exist much longer. A glaring, abiding, deeply delineated sense of its manifold evils, is piercing even the darkest corners of the earth. Our West Indies have felt it, and have flung away the incubus forever. America is feeling it, and her throes are violent, and will be still more so. Even Brazil and Cuba—those dark places of the earth, where demoniac oppression sits enthroned in all the self-confidence of her satanic power—have begun to look round, and to query whether this system is not repressing their best energies—destroying even the first approach of aught that is good or prosperous amongst them—sinking, from its own pecuniary disadvantages, their inhabitants into a state of gradual insolvency; and threatening, if not speedily got rid of, to plunge them—to annihilate them in one common ruin? And they are right! Nothing but a system of the most grinding oppression in other lands, where free labor is abundant, could have maintained the deadly system so long. India, with her hundred millions, would long since have demonstrated the utter impossibility of slave labor contending with free, had she not been repressed—had not all her energies been kept down, as with a world's weight, by a cruel and grinding oppression, which under the guise of collecting a moderate revenue, has overrun the fairest portion of God's earth with 100,000 myrmidon tax collectors, who oppressed and ground, and ground again, even to the full extent of starvation and famine, the hapless natives, whom the horrors of war had brought under their iron grasp. This, and this alone, is the reason why America has been able so long to monopolize cotton growing. The cry of "Justice to India," furnishes to us the assurance that she will do so but a very little longer!

We have said that no country could tolerate slavery in which there was not much moral darkness. And need we bring proofs of this? Need we allude to the still bitter fruits of the system which our West Indies present, in the constant struggle still to oppress—additionally evinced in their late act of seeking to entrap 50,000 of our suffering fellow-countrymen into their wiles—now that they could no longer set the iron-foot of oppression on the colored man? Need we point to the deadly scenes which are so often enacted in the slave states of America—to the habitual use of the "bowie knife," the musket, and the pistol? Which of us have not read with amazement the accounts of the blood-thirsty, sanguinary deeds which are so frequent in the southern states of America—and wondered again and again, how it is that men (pretending, too, to so much of civilization) could be so desperately demoniac in spirit—

could have so little of human feeling in their hearts, until we recollect that they live in the midst of the accursed system of slavery; that their daily employment is to oppress; and *then* we have the riddle solved, and are no longer at a loss to know why those who allow their evil passions to riot unchecked on the colored man, should not be able to restrain themselves in the case of their white brother also. Yes, if proof were wanting, we have it in America, of the deadly and blasting effects of the slave system.

But how cheering it is to believe that the days of slavery are numbered!—that it needs but as it were a giant's throe to rend its hold from the earth, and to let ALL the oppressed go free! Yes, it is now demonstrated beyond the powers of cavil, that slavery is alike religiously, morally, and commercially wrong—that it is the most wicked and the most unprofitable way of employing human bone and sinew.

On Wednesday evening a crowded meeting was held at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, by the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society, at which a gentleman spoke—a Mr. Collins, agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Strong and spirit-stirring was his appeal! He spoke of the terrible drag-chains which an evil state of things had placed round the necks of those who would otherwise speak and act in the language and purity of freedom!—that the Church and the Government of America were those drag-chains—that if they (the abolitionists) looked to the former for assistance, they were told it was a political matter in which they could not interfere; if to the latter, that it was a moral question, and that their atmosphere was not the one in which to agitate it; but that, notwithstanding all these repulses, they were rapidly changing public sentiment—that the good here and there were coming out—and that though the sacrifices of the faithful band of abolitionists in America were great, even to the giving up many of the comforts and necessaries of life, in order that they might supply funds to carry on the warfare, they were consoled by the certainty of the final success of their cause—the cause of religion and humanity!

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

LETTER FROM THE HON. SETH M. GATES.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1841.

SIR—I notice, with surprise, that most of the Northern papers, and yours amongst the number, convey the impression that the 21st Rule of the last Congress—called by the way of infamous distinction *the Gag Rule*—has been adopted by the present House.

That impression is entirely unfounded.

I submit, with great confidence in its correctness, the following brief statement, showing the proceedings of the present House in reference to that matter, and the nature and effect of the present Rule:—

Early in the session a motion was submitted by Mr. Wise to adopt the Rules of the last House for ten days, and until others should be adopted. Mr. Adams moved an amendment excepting the 21st Rule. After considerable debate that amendment was adopted, upon the ayes and nays. The resolution of Mr. Wise, as thus amended, was then adopted in like manner, and the Rules of the last House, except the gag, which was stricken out became the Rules of this House. Two motions were now submitted, one by Mr. Ingersoll and one by Mr. Fornance, to reconsider these two votes. The House first took the question upon, and *refused* to reconsider, the vote adopting Mr. Adams' amendment—thus, for the *third* time rejecting the 21st Rule. The question was now pending as to reconsidering the vote adopting the Rules of the last House, as thus amended, without the Gag.

At this stage of the proceedings, a member from the North brought forward a resolution for the *limitation of the business of the session*, providing that petitions and papers upon *all subjects not particularly referred to in the Message*, should for this session be considered as objected to, and the question of reception should be laid upon the table—a resolution *operating equally upon abolition and all other petitions* on subjects not referred to in the Message.

The ultra fanatics of the South, saw at a glance, that although this was a rule similar to those usually adopted at extraordinary sessions, it would, if adopted, effectually *supercede the 21st Rule*, as it would leave the Rule nothing upon which to act—that while it was founded upon a different principle, adopted with other views and for a different reason, it would still, if adopted, take away the *pretended necessity* for the 21st Rule. It was therefore objected to, and as resolutions were not then in order, it was not received. It was handed over to the committee appointed to receive and report rules, and when reports were called for, it was presented and adopted. That Rule or Resolution was adopted on the 21st of June.

On the 14th the question was taken on reconsidering the vote by which the rules of the last House, except the 21st, had been adopted,—and the reconsideration was carried, and the House was again without Rules, except the Rule adopted on the 12th for the limitation of the business of the session. That was still in full force, and Mr. Wise's original motion, as amended by Mr. Adams, leaving out the gag, was now again before the House, for further consideration. Thereupon Mr. Raynor moved as a substitute, that the Rules of the last House be adopted; the 21st with the others. The motion was rejected.

He again obtained the floor, and making a slight modification as to committees, moved substantially the same proposition, again, and it was again rejected; making no less than *five times that the 21st Rule has been solemnly rejected, upon the ayes and nays, at this session!*

The question then recurred on the motion of Mr. Wise, as amended by Mr. Adams,—the same which had been carried and re-considered,—and the House refused to adopt it, and again adjourned, having no Rules, except the Rule of the 12th of June limiting the business of the session, which will remain unaffected and in full force.

Then came the *Compromise*, as it has been called; which was a proposition agreed upon by a portion of the Southern Whigs, and all the Whigs of the North except one, and submitted by Mr. Stuart of Va., by which all the Rules of the last House, not superseded by the Rule or resolution heretofore adopted by this House, and now in force, were to be the rules of this House, until otherwise ordered, and for this session only. I give the substance only, not the exact language. This was violently opposed all day, by the Southern ultraists, on the ground that it dropped the 21st Rule for this session, that it yielded the main question, and was a concession to the North which would endanger Southern institutions. No person ever pretended here, nor do I hazard any thing in saying no person ever seriously thought that the 21st rule was adopted by the adoption of the compromise resolution. All understood that the 21st rule was superceded by the Rule of the 12th of June, The 21st Rule singled out papers touching the subject of Slavery, and making them an exception to all other matters of legislation, prohibited their reception or consideration in any way whatever. The Rule of the 12th of June, without the invidious distinction made by the 21st Rule, raises an objection to the reception of the same class of papers, as well as all others not referred to in the Message, and lays the question of reception on the table, for the reason intimated in the Rule itself,—they are foreign to the business of the session. Surely, it supersedes the 21st Rule, for it disposes of the same class of petitions and papers in such a way as to leave nothing for the 21st Rule to act upon, if it had been subsequently adopted. The question of reception being by a standing Rule laid upon the table, could not, as some seem to suppose, be taken up again and considered, without repealing the Rule or suspending it; and to suspend it would require two thirds of the House; so that the Rule of the 12th June not only *intentionally*, but most *effectually* superseded the 21st.

It disposed of the very matters sought to be disposed of by the 21st Rule, but it does it in a different way, upon a different principle, for a different reason, and without making the invidious distinction between them and other petitions which the old Rule did. It does not say these papers shall not be received or considered, *because they relate to slavery, to a delicate subject*—but it says the question of reception, not only of these papers, but all others foreign to the business of the session, shall be laid upon the table because the sovereign people have sent us here now upon another errand, and to attend to other, though perhaps no more important, business.

The 21st Rule, therefore, having been intentionally and manifestly superseded by the Rule of the 12th of June, was included in the exception mentioned in Mr. Stuarts motion, and *was not adopted* with the other Rules. It forms no part of the Rules of the House, unless there be some process by which it can be shown, that five solemn *rejections* are equivalent to one *adoption!!* The compromise, for once, was rather favorable to the North. We have heretofore had a rule which treated papers touching the subject of slavery, differently from all other papers presented to the House. Now, no such Rule exists. So much the North gained, while all that was yielded in return, was a postponement of the final decision as to whether we should ever have the old Rule again until the Regular session. We have it now, and I am quite sure that all reasonable men will justify us in adopting a course to enable the House to get at the business of the country, by postponing the determination of that matter until the next session, when in doing so, we have for the present avoided the invidious Rule of the last House, and lost nothing.

The Southern ultraists and their Northern disorganizing allies, are chargeable with the delay in business and consumption of time suffered by reason of this discussion already. They have attempted to impose an invidious Rule upon us, which at all times and under all circumstances we were bound to resist, by *voting*, if not by *talking*. They consumed time in that way, and when repeatedly voted down, moved reconsiderations, and by the most contradictory changes of votes, unsettled the decisions of the House. While nearly all the Whig members from the North were opposed to the 21st Rule, and determined to the last to vote against it, they would not be provoked into a debate at this session, but contented themselves with silent votes.

Noticing that nearly all the papers at the North seem to have fallen into the error, that the 21st Rule was wholly or partially adopted again, I consider it due to the People of the North, as well as their Representatives, that this impression should be corrected, and the facts placed before the country: and I therefore ask those who have made such representations, and are willing to have the facts known, to publish this statement, or the substance of it.

I think the following positions can be sustained:

1st. That the 21st Rule of the last House, commonly called *the Gag Rule, is not now a Rule of the present House of Representatives, nor is any part of it in existence.*

2d. That that Rule, and propositions substantially the same, have been *five times rejected*, and *not once adopted* by the present House.

3d. That there is now no rule existing which can properly be called an *abolition gag*, as the old one was called, because the Rule which superseded the old one is a Rule for the *limitation of business generally*, places all petitions and papers foreign to the business of the session, on a footing of equality, is different in principle and operation, was adopted for a different reason, and to accomplish a different purpose, although it still prohibits those petitions with others. SETH M. GATES.

Congress.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

July 8th.

In a debate on the Loan Bill,

Mr. PICKENS of S. C. urged that in a country of such diversified interests as ours, where taxes were raised by general demand and expended in a particular direction, the power to raise a revenue should be watched with the most zealous care. We had a peculiar government, differing from any other on this very point of taxation. That there were no countries which even approached to it in its fiscal operation except France and Russia; that owing to our local interests, our extent of territory, and variety of climate, Great Britain could raise two hundred millions by tax, and disburse it over her small territory without producing any material effect on the resources or the national wealth of that country, where we could not raise fifty millions. And it was not to be wondered at, therefore, that there was a natural sensitiveness here in regard to the fiscal operations of the Government, the tendency of which was to make one portion of our territory contribute to the revenue, and another to receive it. This was the great difference between the Government of the U. S. and that of Great Britain, and this was the cause of the power and immense fiscal resources of the latter nation. And here was the fatal error into which gentlemen who sustained this system of measures had fallen; they had taken their example from England, from English institutions and English principles and customs, and they attempted to apply it to us—to a people totally different in every respect.

What he desired was, that gentlemen should pause and consider what they were about. Let them not revive a system which Alexander Hamilton and his associates very patriotically at that time engrafted upon our government in its first stages, when they believed the Federal Government to be too weak—an opinion originating in an honest error. But those who now opposed this system of measures, did so because they firmly believed that the tendency of them was to injure the country—to produce ill-feeling and sectional jealousy which would, in the end, result in a dissolution of the Union. Not that he made any threat of that kind—not that he was to go to that length, or to any thing looking towards it. He looked to the progress of things. We were trending on dangerous ground, and the people never would submit tamely to the unjust and unequal operation of the Government. Not, he repeated, that he would resist, but the tendency of these things was to produce the results he had spoken of.

Mr. SARGENT of Pa. said, If this Union was to be preserved, the representative body must be collected from different parts of the Union, unless, indeed, one State, from her greater power, or wealth, or patriotism, or bravery, claimed to be herself the representative body. [A laugh.] If gentlemen could show that this Government ought to represent property, and so to be an aristocracy, or to represent a privileged class and so to be an oligarchy, let them come out boldly and say so, and then their reasons should be examined. But in the mean time, Mr. S. said that the gentleman's argument was an argument against the Constitution and against the Union; it was against a representative republic; and if there could be a greater political heresy imagined, he knew not what it was. Mr. S. was aware that the gentleman did not mean to carry out the consequences of his own principle, but those consequences could not but be very serious when in a great representative body every question involving taxation was assumed to be a ground of reproach and of complaint, not as against its authors or advocates, but as against the Constitution itself. He would quote for the gentleman's benefit a book written in the British Isles, and printed in Scotland; it contained an article which went to show what interpretation was put abroad upon the arguments and sentiments advanced here by Southern gentlemen. He confessed that in reading it he had been, as much as any man ought to be, excited by witnessing the impression of which it spoke. He wanted the gentleman to look into this mirror, and there see what consequences were attributed abroad to arguments such as he had now employed. The article was from the last number of the Edinburgh Review, on the Republic of Texas and the recognition of that Government by England. It was written by a Mr. Kennedy, formerly connected with the British Colonial Government in Canada, who had subsequently visited the U. S. and had then gone to Texas.

Gentlemen all knew that England had recently acknowledged the Government of Texas, and that the anti-slavery people in England had been dreadfully shocked at the idea, because they affected to believe that the whole of the late Texian revolution had been based chiefly, if not solely, upon the maintenance of slavery; and that by recognizing such a Government, England gave countenance to a government founded on slavery. This was an entire mistake; for in the first place the Texian revolution had started on no such principle; and in the second place the Republic contained but few slaves within its limits. It was not going to be a slave country, but was to rely altogether upon free labor. Then there were vast commercial advantages to England to grow out of her intercourse with this new Republic.

Mr. S. here quoted the following passage:

"The commercial interests of Texas, and *the antipathy to the northern portion of the United States*, WHICH SHE INHERITS FROM HER KINDRED OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, will always tend to unite her with Great Britain."

This, Mr. S. remarked, was the language of a stranger looking on what transpired among us, and contemplating with feelings of satisfaction the antipathy of the South against the North, which antipathy, he declares, has gone, with the children of the South, into the new Republic of Texas: his calculation was that they would retain this feeling of hostility; that it would prejudice them against the whole Union; and so would have the effect of holding Texas in closer union with Great Britain. The Union was not to be an object of a process of reason, but of a feeling of antipathy; every body knew what an antipathy was; it had nothing of reason in it: it was an irrational aversion.

After some remarks upon the character of the two Austins, father and son, who were the first American settlers of Texas, Mr. S. proceeded to quote from the Review:

"But the advantages which we may calculate on deriving from Texas in peace are of far greater importance. The foundations of the new Republic may be said to be laid in the principle of free trade. Her wealth consists in her raw produce; her wants in manufactured articles. Our utmost demand for cotton may, and in great measure will, probably ere long be supplied from Texas; and no fantastic scheme of encouraging imperfect and costly manufactures of her own, will, we may be sure, ever induce her to sacrifice her true sources of prosperity, by refusing to take the wrought goods of Manchester and Birmingham in exchange for the produce of her soil. Here, then, we have a security against that entire dependence on the commerce of the U. S., which, with all its pacific influences, cannot be contemplated without apprehension. *Texas will either repeal the tariff of the U. S., or* NULLIFY *its operation*; and, however *States and factions may job in Congress* and produce a system of general prohibition, as the result of a *dishonest combination between the manufacturers of New England and the sugar planters of Louisiana*, the independence of Texas, and the identity of its interests with the principles of free trade, will secure to Great Britain a market where she may buy and sell *in defiance of any unwise legislation that may be adopted at Washington.* Nor will this be the sum of the beneficial interchange that may be established between the two countries. The fertile territory of Texas creates a demand for labor which Great Britain alone can supply; and affords an ample field for emigration, which the wise policy of the Republic is prepared to promote by the soundest system in the disposition of its waste lands.—The bonds of ancient kindred may thus be knit with fresh strength; and the independence of Texas create only a wider diffusion of the British [illegible] and of British sympathies."

This is the speculation of a man lately connected with the British Ministry in one of the colonies of her empire. And what is the foundation of the whole? It is the antipathy of the South to this Union—an antipathy which they carry into Texas, and which will operate to secure the trade of Birmingham and Manchester against the jobbing in Congress between the manufacturers of New England and the sugar planters of Louisiana.—When the friends of abolition in England remonstrate against the recognition of the independence of Texas, and ask, 'Have we not been paying twenty millions to the West India planters to liberate their slaves, and are we now going to depend on slave labor in the U. States? the answer is, 'Oh no; don't you see how it will work? Don't you see that this recognition must in the end prove the destruction of the slaveholding interest in the U. S.? That Texas will supplant them in our market, and that we shall be supplied with all they now furnish to us by free labor?'

Mr. PICKENS here again interposed. If the gentleman from Pennsylvania meant, by implication, that Mr. P. had said any thing implying antipathy to the North, he was entirely mistaken. Mr. P. had said no such thing. He had only argued against pressing tax bills when it was unnecessary; that it would result in producing an alienation of feeling, not in the South against the North, but alienation in the minds and feelings of the tax-paying population, whether in the North or the South.

Mr. SERGEANT resumed. If any such feeling existed any where, Mr. S. knew of no cause to produce it.—In this quotation, gentlemen had the result of the observations of a stranger. Here was a mirror into which——

Mr. PICKENS here interposed, speaking with much earnestness, but amidst the cries for order which immediately arose, the Reporter could not catch his words.—They were understood, however, as directed against the author of the review, as a stranger to the real feelings of Americans, and a traducer of our people.

Mr. S. asked whether it was not time for Americans who loved this Union to cling to the Union and to each other? For, at last, their dependence for defence against the whole world was upon each other. This Union had been so consecrated in the affections of our people that it never could be touched without incurring distress and suffering beyond description. We all had a right to the Union. It never could be dissolved but by force and violence; and when that point was reached, the battle would not be fought with swords. The man who rose to use such weapons would find the dagger at his throat. It would be a contest worse even than a servile war.—Indeed, he did not know but the horrors of social might be aggravated by those of a servile war, and both endured at once. The masses might become so excited and infuriated against each other, that they might be tempted to seize upon any instrument of vengeance that presented itself to their hands. Let Southern gentlemen remember what and who would be so presented to the rage of civil strife. And what would it all be for? To divide the North from the South? Where was "the South?" Could any gentleman tell him? Where did it begin, and where did it end? Did it include Delaware? Did it take in Maryland? Did it cover Virginia? or N. Carolina? Was it confined to the cotton region? There was no cotton in Delaware; none in Maryland, and very little in Virginia or North Carolina, and that little was going rapidly into extinction. The same might be said in reference to Tennessee. The separating line could not, then, be assumed to be the boundary of the cotton district. What would gentlemen call the great valley of Virginia? Was it the North or was it the South? Did it belong to one side of the line or to the other? In feeling, he believed it was much the same as Pennsylvania. But supposing the separating line could be accurately drawn to-day, where would it be to-morrow?—Was not the extent of the cotton product continually varying? Where, then, he again asked, was the South? What was its southern boundary? Was Louisiana included? Hers was the sugar region; she wanted her sugar protected; she was no advocate of free trade, and was not in the combination which would sustain Birmingham and Manchester against the competition of the U. S. Where, then, was the identity of the South?—Where there no conflicting interests, no competition, no rivalries? Were not Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and South Carolina producers of the same staples, and competitors in the same markets? Mr. S. would not say that this state of things naturally engendered enmity, but that it produced a conflict of interest. The time had been when South Carolina took the lead in the cotton trade, but he believed that last year the product of Georgia had been greater than hers. The investments of Georgia in the Bank of the U. S. proved that she had accumulated a vast capital. It had been stated that Mississippi alone could produce more cotton than the united world could require. And now look at other parts of the Union. Did gentlemen forget the heavy importations of cotton into the city of Boston? The natural consequence of such commercial intercourse was to establish the relations of mutual friendship. The North became the customer of the South, and one of her best customers. But while the North and the South were contending with each other, did they forget that there was a growing giant who might one day volunteer to come in between them, and to put an end to their controversy in a way that would require all their energies to sustain their rights against the power of the mediator?

Mr. S. here made some reference, not distinctly heard, to the water-rotted and dew-rotted hemp of Kentucky, and intimated that she would never lend herself to an unnatural antipathy and consent to injure her own land to benefit strangers. He was understood to say that the feeling of which he spoke had, in a greater or less degree, prevailed from the beginning; that it had produced the compromise law, and if pressed too far, might lead to consequences which no one could now anticipate.

Mr. RHETT of S. C. said he had entered the Hall while the gentleman from Pennsylvania was speaking. He had not heard the former part of his observations, bat he had heard him say that the argument of his colleague (Mr. Pickens) was an argument against the Constitution; because his colleague had said that when taxes were collected in one part of the Union to be spent in another, it was an evil, that was an argument against the Constitution and against representative government. Now Mr. R. did not suppose it required any reasoning to prove that if taxes were ever collected in one region and immediately disbursed in the same region, it would be an evil, because such an operation would be attended with expenses to which the people ought not to be subjected.

But the evil must be still worse if the taxes were disbursed in a region where they were not collected.—Would any one say that such an operation was not an injury to one part of the country, and a bounty to another? Could any man deny this? And did it not present a good practical illustration of the working of the Constitution of the U. S.? Would any gentleman deny this? Did not the reports from the departments show where the taxes, collected under this government, were disbursed? Would any man say that they were disbursed equally? No man could maintain it. And if the taxes were collected equally, and were disbursed unequally, could any man say that the Constitution of the U. S. did not work unequally? It was the naked truth: nay, he was about to say it was a palpable truism. And because he said this, was he to be told that he was arguing against the Constitution, and against representative government? He was not. It was the most difficult thing in the world, even when the interests of the People were absolutely identical, to frame an equal law. Even in the smallest State, almost every law that could be enacted would operate unequally.

Nor was this true of representative Governments only; it was true of every nation under the sun. In Great Britain itself, narrow and circumscribed as were the limits of the British isles, no tax could operate with entire equality. Inequality was the necessary result of taxation under all Governments. Taxation was itself an evil, in any shape; and to say that it was an evil was not to argue against the Constitution of the United States. The same thing might be said of almost every law by which property was either taken or disbursed. And because his colleague had brought this as an argument why taxes should be kept as low as possible, a gentleman from the North rose in his place and pronounced that argument to be an argument against the Constitution, and against the Union. The gentleman was mistaken. When the American People adopted the Constitution, no man had been fool enough to think that it would or could operate equally. It was not adopted under any such expectation. It was adopted at the price of liberty. They knew that something must be sacrificed, but they relied on the Constitution to reimburse them for any and all sacrifices it might require. Its benefits they knew would outweigh the price it cost a million fold, provided only that the restrictions in that instrument were sacredly adhered to.

Mr. R. believed that, next to the sacred book of God, the Constitution of the United States was the most perfect paper ever seen in the universe, and he should consider it as one of the heaviest calamities, not to the people of this country alone, but to all nations, should it ever go down. Mr. R. was content with the Constitution. He wanted to see no innovation upon it. If Congress forbore to tread upon doubtful or equivocal ground, the effect of the Constitution would be nothing but peace and harmony, and all the wild speculations of libellous, intriguing foreigners, whether uttered behind our backs or in our presence, would prove as false in their results as they were base and calumnious in the assumptions on which they were founded. All our difficulties—all that marred our harmony or alienated our feelings from each other, arose from the exercise of doubtful powers; and, unless that exercise should be refrained from, these alienations would increase till this mighty fabric of freedom, the precious labor of our fathers' hands, must go down and tumble into ruins. But Mr. R. was not one of those who believed that this beloved Union of ours was destined to be dissolved. The history of the past exhibited no instance in which a confederacy of States had been dissolved. No; the tendency of confederacies lay in the opposite direction. They had always become more and more consolidated, till some military tyrant arose and set his foot upon the neck of the whole.

Mr. R. did not fear, and never had feared, a dissolution of this Union. It was deeply founded in the affections of the People; it was consecrated by remembrances of the past, and by the most elevating hopes of the future: till Americans should forget both, they never would consent to break their bond of union. And he believed that the only reason why other nations had ever doubted the continuance of this Confederacy was to be found in the contentions of Representatives on that floor. He knew of nothing in the present state of things which breathed any thing like antipathy against the North; nor was he apprehensive that the anticipations of evil in which our enemies might indulge ever would be realized by the legislation in that Hall. But when strangers looked on the scrambles which sometimes took place in that House for Government appropriations, and the angry feelings which they sometimes produced, was it not to be expected that, if they wished our ruin, their eyes would beam with eager hope to see it accomplished? Doubtless they would. But they were doomed to disappointment; the day had not arrived that was to witness the dissolution of the union of these States. Mr. R. had seen a very learned pamphlet, the aim of which was to demonstrate from geographical considerations, and the differences in climate and production, that this Union could not long continue. Mr. R. was no believer in this sort of geographical logic. How often were those whose geographical relation was precisely the same found at daggers' points with each other, and *vice versa?* No; his hope was in the deep sympathy which bound together the Anglo-Saxon race—in the associations of the past and the common anticipations of the future. These would hold our people firmly together, and he defied the malice or the wit of man to separate them from each other. Notwithstanding all this, however, he did believe that the Constitution operated unequally; but if it worked still more unequally, he was not going to give it up. The Constitution was precious to him in its permanent principles, though it might be unequal in its temporary operation. Make it but what it was intended to be; keep it above all suspicion by the purity of legislative action; let the General Government be what it was intended to be, our shield against foreign nations. Do this, and union and liberty would long be preserved for our prosperity.

As to what had been said about rivalry between Alabama and South Carolina, Mr. R. did not believe that their interests were in the least degree antagonistic. Let each be content to do as well as it could, and they might long live in harmony and peace. The same was true of the South and the North. Their interests harmonized—the North furnished to the South that best of all markets in the world—a domestic market—nor was there a man at the South who would not infinitely prefer to wear a suit of American manufacture to being dependent for his clothing on any nation on earth. This was their feeling—it pervaded the whole South, but they could not give up their rights—their pride, their interest, their duty alike forbade it. Give us, said Mr. R., the Constitution; that is all we ask; but we cannot give up our rights under it, and we will not.

Mr. FESSENDEN, of Me., expressed his satisfaction at listening to the utterance of such opinions in such a quarter. His mind had been greatly relieved by it, but he regretted to find when the gentleman came to explain that all his attachment to the Constitution and the Union hung upon this condition, that every body else must adopt his peculiar views of the Constitution, and abstain from the exercise of every power concerning which he entertained a doubt. When closely looked at, this was but nullification in another form.

Communications.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXIX.

Levin Smith.

Levin Smith was a slave in Maryland. He had a wife and several children. In the year 1802, his master sold him to one of those speculators in human beings, who were in the practice of buying slaves for the Southern market. His purchaser lived in the State of Delaware, near to Smyrna, and had a small farm. He took Levin home with him, and set him to work until he could meet with an opportunity of selling him for a good price.—Levin's wife and children were free, and remained a short time in Maryland, after he was removed to Delaware, when they went to Philadelphia. Levin became apprised of his master's intention of selling him, and made his case known to William Corbet, who lived in that neighborhood. He advised him to go to Philadelphia, and gave him a few lines to me, describing his case. In a few days, Levin called upon me, and handed me the letter from William Corbit, by which I learned that Levin's new master was a desperate fellow; and I was given to understand, that he might be expected to make a violent effort to regain possession of the fugitive.—Levin went to live with his wife and children in the district of Southwark, and commenced the business of sawing wood to support his family. His wife took in washing. I instructed him to inform me if he should hear of his master being in the city. He had not been in Philadelphia more than a month, when his master, having discovered his place of residence, went there in pursuit of him. A small sloop that traded between Philadelphia and Smyrna, then called Appoquiniminque, lay at Gurling's wharf, in the lower part of Southwark, and Levin's master agreed with the captain to transport him home.—It was high water about day-light in the morning, and they had planned to seize Levin in bis bed, take him on board the vessel, and immediately start down the river.—All this was to be done before Levin's family could have time to inform his friends: and if it had not been for an accident, occasioned by the captain's drinking rather too freely the previous evening, it is probable they would have succeeded. In the afternoon of the day before that on which the vessel was to sail, some goods were deposited in a store near where she lay, that were to be taken in her to Smyrna, but the captain neglected to take them on board.

Agreeably to previous arrangement, Levin was seized in his bed about break of day, his hands tied, and he conveyed to the vessel, where the captain informed them that he must wait until the store, in which the goods above mentioned were deposited should be opened.—Levin's wife followed her husband to the vessel; and some of her friends, who lived near their residence, being informed of what was doing, ran to my house to solicit my assistance. I was in bed, when I heard a violent knocking at my door, and immediately got up, hoisted the window and inquired what it meant. Upon being informed, I dressed myself as quick as possible, put on an old coat and hat that I commonly kept near at hand, to wear when I went to fires, (being a member of a fire company,) aud proceeded to the vessel. When I got there, I was informed that they had taken Levin to a small tavern near by; and upon getting there, I found a considerable crowd before the door. I inquired of the landlord where the persons were who had a colored man in custody, but he refused to give me any information; when one of the company about the door called out—"They are up stairs in the back room." The landlord stood in the door, and seemed disposed to prevent me from going in; but I pushed myself by him, and immediately went to the chamber, where I found Levin, with his hands tied together, guarded by five or six men. I inquired what they were going to do with the man. The words had scarcely escaped my lips, when as many as could get hold of me, seized me with great violence, hoisted the window and threw me out. I fell upon empty casks that lay in the yard, and at the time, did not feel at all hurt.

I knew perfectly well that if the man was not immediately rescued, they would force him on board the sloop and carry him off. I therefore determined to prevent it, if possible. As soon as I recovered from the fall, I went round to the front door that I had entered but a few minutes before, and proceeded up stairs to the door of the chamber from whence I had just been so unceremoniously ejected. I found it locked, so that I could not gain admittance. I then returned to the back-yard, got on the top of a high board fence, and from that upon the pent house, and in through the window, to a room adjoining that in which the party were. I took a small pen-knife out of my pocket, opened it, and holding it in my hand, threw open the door. Upon entering the room, among the kidnappers, I exclaimed, "I will see if you will get me out so soon again!" I had no intention of using my knife, for any purpose but to cut the cord with which the poor captive was bound; and I did that before the company could recover from the consternation which my second appearance among them seemed to produce.—Immediately upon cutting the cords that bound the man, I told him to follow me, and ran down stairs as fast as I could, with him after me. A wretched, motley company pursued us, calling "Stop thief!" until we arrived at the office of William Robinson, a justice of the peace, who lived in Front below Almond street, in Southwark, near half a mile from the place whence we started.

The magistrate had not come down stairs, but in a few minutes made his appearance. I informed him of the circumstances of the case; how the man, Levin, was originally a slave in Maryland, and had been sold to a citizen of Delaware, who had removed him to that State, by means of which he became free. No person appeared to claim the man, and the magistrate drew up a statement of his case, to which he annexed his name, and the names and residences of the Acting Committee of the Abolition Society; with a request, that if any person should attempt to deprive Levin of his liberty, one of them should be informed of it. He was never after molested.

I returned home and took my breakfast, not being aware that I had received any injury by the fall. But upon attempting to rise from the table, I was suddenly seized with a violent pain in my back, which continued for several days, with such severity as to incapacitate me for attending to business. I have never entirely recovered from its effects.

LETTER FROM JACOB FERRIS.

☞ The following letter would have been published sooner, had it not been accidentally mislaid.

MARENGO, Wayne Co., N. Y.

To the Editor of the Standard:

It was with deep, and heartfelt satisfaction, that I perused those sentiments of yours, published in your first Standard. The work of reform has indeed been "bravely begun," begun by men and women of determined and resolute character; who refused "the shadow of a fetter upon their free expression of opinion, from any man or body of men." Such are the individuals to begin a reformation; and though there were many connected with anti-slavery reform, at its commencement, who looked no further than negro slavery, yet we are rejoiced to find many minds decidedly of the "go-ahead" character, who are boldly and fearlessly examining all the bearings of the great question of moral freedom; men who have struggled long and hard for civil and political privileges; basing their arguments upon the broad and eternal foundation of moral rights; declaring that every individual on the face of the earth is a free agent; and consequently possessed of certain rights inalienably connected with that free agency.

Some seemed to look no further into the great subject of emancipation, than what merely concerned themselves; all things else are abstract views, not necessary consequences resulting from the exposition of principles.—When oppression touches the interest of this class, they rally to the rescue. They are convinced by arguments of expediency.

Not so with the genuine "go-ahead" spirit that actuates the friends of reform. They acknowledge no motive but that of benevolence; no sanctuary, but the temple of truth. They recognise no higher duty than genuine love to their Creator; no more sacred principle of morality, than to "do to others as you would have others do by you." To these great principles they endeavor to adhere with all their "might, mind, and strength," let the different bearings of the subject lead them where they will. Thus, I hold this truth to be, in itself, evident—that I am a free moral agent, accountable for my free moral agency only to that God from whose hands I have received it. The laws of the Creator admit of no exceptions, but apply to all cases whatever. If I am a free moral agent, then every other human being on the face of the earth is a free moral agent; whether he be under a republican or a monarchical form of government; in a Christian or a Pagan land. The relationship existing between man and man matters not; that between man and his Maker, is unchangeably the same. I perceive that, in order to be a free moral agent, it is absolutely necessary that I should be possessed of certain rights, the exercise of which can alone give scope to the free actions of my soul. If I have rights, which are the gift of God, it naturally follows that all other human beings have rights; not the gift of society, but, equally with mine, the gift of God. Consequently none but the bestower of such "great and good gifts," can have the just power of depriving any human being of them. Therefore, "no man, or body of men," have a right to impair in the least dgreee the free moral agency of any individual. It naturally follows, then, that individual rights are superior to public good; and doubtless their free exercise would best advance the public weal.

Again, men claim their civil rights upon the ground of their rationality and intelligence. Women are possessed of rationality and intelligence, consequently they have, naturally, the same civil rights. Men lay claim to religious rights upon the ground of their duty and accountability to God. Woman's duty and accountability to God are the same as those of man; therefore, they are both equal in religious rights. In the sight of God there is "neither male nor female." I have no doubt it would be interesting to the readers of the Standard, to hear something about the anti-slavery cause here; but I have neither room nor time now. Suffice it to say, that we have an independent anti-slavery society here, called the Galen Anti-Slavery Society. We have but just started, consequently not done much yet.

You will undoubtedly hear from me again, when I will endeavor to give you more information respecting it.

I can subscribe myself your sincere friend,

JACOB FERRIS.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE IN BOSTON.

☞ The following letter has been handed us for publication by a friend, to whom it was addressed. It is cheering to know that one more victim of slavery has made his escape!

BOSTON, July 15, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:

Another fugitive, from beyond Mason & Dixon's line, arrived here last evening, on board bark Kazan, Captain Leckie, from Mobile. It appears that he secreted himself in the long boat, where he was discovered by the mate, on the fourth day after sailing. He is about forty years of age, and calls himself Benjamin Brown, alias Benj. Smith.

On arriving here, he was accidentally discovered to be on board by a colored man, before the vessel came to the wharf. He rallied some of his friends to the rescue; but, on returning to the wharf, he found that the consignees, A. & C. Cunningham, had sued out a writ against Benj. Brown for $70 debt, for his passage.

He was accordingly hurried into a carriage, and driven off to jail with the utmost speed.

While measures were in progress to cause him to be brought before the Supreme Court this forenoon, he was bailed out by the aid of some of the colored friends, and is now, in all probability, safe. It is not likely that the persons who instituted the suit against him will prosecute it, as it is understood he worked his passage.

As incidents of this sort do not probably occur so often in this city, as in places nearer the line, every case causes considerable excitement.

I remain, yours truly,

HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1841.



ANNETTE GRAY.

"He bought me—somewhat high—
For with me came a heart he couldn't buy."
BYRON'S CORSAIR.

The following story I tell as it was told to me, by one of the most intelligent slaves I ever met. I am aware of making myself liable to the charge of indelicacy; but the pure-minded will take no offence. There is an awful amount of facts in connection with the licentiousness of slavery, which are continually suppressed, from the difficulty of giving them utterance without disgusting modest ears. Those which I relate are not of this coarse, revolting kind; but to people of reflecting minds they will imply more than they reveal.

Annette Grey (I give her a fictitious name, because we of the free States are *not* free;) was born and educated on the frontiers of slavery. Her master and mistress were English people, very kind to their slaves, and remarkably scrupulous concerning the modesty of their deportment. They never allowed any of the temporary connexions so universal among slaves; and the master observed as much propriety toward his female servants, as toward his own daughters. The lady, too, inculcated many lessons to prove how sinful, and how disgraceful, were the profligate connexions so common between masters and their slaves. Annette's mother being a religious woman, and many years a servant in this well-ordered family, frequently and earnestly repeated such lessons; so that the young girl grew up with a degree of purity and self-respect very unusual among her wretched class.

Was it a regard for the rights of an injured race, that led this English family to pursue a course so honorable? No; it was merely pride of their own respectability.—Their slaves might have said, with the poor mourners in the Bride of Lanermoor, "Their gifts are dealt for nae love for *us*—nor for respect whether *we* feed or starve. They wad gie us whinstones for loaves, if it would serve their ain vanity; and yet they expect us to be grateful', as they ca' it, as if they served us for true love and liking."

Facts justify this seemingly harsh conclusion. When Annette was about fifteen years old, her master became heir to a valuable estate in England, and concluded to remove thither. His American property was all sold: and with the carriage-horses, and "sundry old candle-boxes," was sold Annette. Young, motherless, sensitively modest, and with an unusual share of personal comeliness, she was sold to the highest bidder—the most notorious old profligate in the city!

His ostensible purpose was to purchase her as a waiting-maid for his wife. When she first entered the family, he had a favorite mistress among the slaves, and for the time being took very little notice of other individuals.—Annette became a favorite with the lady. Being intelligent and tasteful, the expense of learning three distinct trades was incurred, with a view to make her services more valuable; and, in process of time, she could dress hair in the most approved French style, fit dresses neatly, and give to caps and bonnets the true Parisian air. This brought her into frequent contact with the fashionable friends of her wealthy mistress, and she acquired a gentility of manner, and correctness of pronunciation, indicating any thing but slavery.

Meanwhile the favorite mistress, for some whim or other, was discarded and sold, and her master was casting his eye around in search of a new Sultana. Well might Mr. Preston tell Harriet Martineau that "the progress of southern society was continually toward orientalism!"

Annette, young, fresh, and innocent, naturally attracted his attention: but experience had made him refined in his vices, and he sought excitement by self-imposed restraint. No coarse ribaldry, no personal rudeness, startled the modesty of his helpless slave; but his smiles were frequent and most gracious, his flattery most insidious, his presents abundant. By degrees, as he met her on the stairs, or in the passage-ways, he would playfully touch her under the chin, or twine his fingers in her glossy black ringlets, and then smile to see her blush. One day, he suddenly entered the room where she usually sat sewing for her mistress, and when she timidly rose to depart, he forbade her to leave the room. Perceiving her terror, he said to her, "You foolish child, what is there to be afraid of? Don't I always treat you well? And since your room is cooler than my own, why should you object to my coming here when I choose?" She did object, however, and sought to avoid him; but he forbade her to keep the door closed, and she was afraid to inform her mistress. She showed me some very pretty specimens of carved whale-bone and ivory, which he had out during these lounging hours in her apartment; and all this while, the most cunning flattery was poured into her ear. Among other things, he said, "Do you remember, about six years ago, when you were a little girl, meeting a gentleman in ——— Square, riding on a white horse? Do you remember how the horse caricoled and reared, as you crossed the street? And do you remember how the gentleman turned the horse round, looked after you, and nodded at you?"

Annette said that she recollected it very well; for she thought it strange the gentleman should take so much notice of her.

"I was that gentleman," said he; "and from that moment I resolved that, sooner or later, I would have you. I inquired, then, to whom you belonged, and kept my eye on you ever after."

Where a man has irresponsible power over his victim, reserve is of course banished as soon as it suits his convenience. The master became more explicit in his language, but still sought to gain her affections. She remonstrated; begging him to choose another, among the many slaves who would be proud of his addresses; for herself, she had been educated to consider such connexions sinful and degrading. At first he laughed, and then he swore.

He had made no perceptible progress in her good graces, when a journey to Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, was agreed upon. Annette and one man-servant were the only slaves they took with them. In describing this journey to me, I was much struck with the vividness of her description. As nearly as I can remember, it was as follows:

"When I asked for a bed at the hotel, they laughed in my face. 'Give a nigger a bed!' said they—'We never heard of such a thing.' However, my mistress interceded for me, and I had a bed. In general, the female slaves slept on the floor, or on the skins that covered the travelling trunks; and the men slept in the carriages. If any of them got angry with another, they would often run the carriage into the river while he was asleep, and leave it there.

The hotel had a piazza round it. All about were scattered huts for travellers, some single, some in rows, some

in Gothic style, and some very light and airy; well wooded hills closed it in all round, and a pond sparkled at a little distance. One day, as I stood on the piazza, I saw a great many slaves at the pond, washing clothes and spreading them out on the grass. They danced and capered about in such a strange manner, that I went down to ask what could be the matter. 'Oh,' said they, in their slave gibberish, 'Don't you know? Van June's coming.' 'Who is Van June?' 'Oh, don't you know? Van June, one big buckra man from the North; and Missis gib me new apron and new handkercher, because Van June's coming!'

"The 'big buckra man' was Van Buren, the President. They made a great ball for him. The hotel and all the travellers' huts were illuminated; and the trees on the sides of the hills were all hung with lamps. It was a beautiful sight to see couples dancing on the green, and the ladies dressed in white, glancing in and out among the shadows. Here and there, slaves were coming out from between the trees into the broad light, looking like Devils. Van Buren brought a mulatto servant with him, named Charles Ingram. Sometimes he said he was free, and sometimes he said he was a slave. I think he was a slave, because Williams, who superintended the President's affairs, flogged him one day for not putting away the harness.

"The slaves at the Springs made a ball, and gave a dinner to Charles Ingram; and I danced with him. They called him 'the black President.' Van Buren came in to see us dance. He shook hands with us all round, and told us to be obedient to our masters, and they would be good to us; that the Bible said we ought to obey our masters."

Among the songs on this grand occasion, she repeated the following:

"Come, broders, let us leave
Dis buckra land for Hayti—
An' der we be receive
As gran as Lafayettee.

Der we make a mighty show,
As grannus as you see—
I shall be all the go,
An' you like Governor Shootsy.

No more the barrow wheel,
An' that's a mighty jerkus;
No more we 'bliged to steal,
An' then be sent to work-hus.

An' dance us in a hall,
Hold a half a million—
There we dance the great big jig.
The white man call cotillion.

Lead your partners out—
Forward two and backee,
Wheel and turn about,
And then go home in hackey."

At Sulphur Springs her master first employed coercion, in the form of a threat. He soon surrounded himself with a convivial club, who drank with him all night, and slept or gambled through the day. Some of these men were ferocious in their tempers, and far more indecent in their manners than himself. They assailed poor Annette with all sorts of obscene jests, and the more she was confused, the more they enjoyed their manly sport.

To a Mississippian, one of the most violent and despicable of these men, her master threatened to sell her, unless she proved obedient to his wishes. This terrified her exceedingly. She knew that she should have to encounter the same sort of persecution, probably in a more odious form, and perhaps coupled with cruel punishments, which she had never yet experienced. Then came the sickening thought of being so far separated from home and friends, without hope of ever seeing them again. Still she begged him to seek some other object, and leave her in peace. At last, he lost all patience, and said, "If you dare to fasten your door to-night, or to make any complaint to your mistress, I will sell you to the Mississippian to-morrow; and a grand exchange you will make of it, I can tell you."

The door was not fastened; and the poor girl, shrinking from the degradation of her fate, became her master's paramour; a situation to which most of her degraded class would have been proud to attain.

When the family returned home, she again made an effort to free herself from the disagreeable thraldom; urging her oppressive sense of shame, and the scruples in which she had been educated. "I have often thought," said Annette to me, "how lucky it was that my master was not young and handsome, and that he so often disgusted me by his beastly intoxication. He was so kind to me, that I might have been tempted to love him; it would have been natural, you know. Slave mistresses do sometimes love their masters; and it almost kills them when they are turned away for somebody else. I cannot be thankful enough that my master was not young and handsome; for it would have been a sin to love him.—As it was, though I could not help myself, and would gladly have done so if I could, yet I could not look my mistress in the eye. My chamber was directly over hers. She heard his footsteps and his voice there; and when I came into her room in the morning, and left him in my own, I never could help hanging my head for shame. She never spoke to me about it; but sometimes, when I came to dress her, she was violently cross, and scolded me for every thing; then, in a few minutes, she would speak kindly, and try to make up by giving me some present.—I imagined I could read her thoughts. I suppose she said to herself, 'Poor, young creature, it is no fault of hers. How can she help herself?' I think so, because she never used to treat me so capriciously before we went to Sulphur Springs."

"They were a wretched couple, rich as they were.—The house was superbly furnished—full length mirrors, marble tables, and carpets from garret to basement, so thick and soft that you could not hear a foot fall. Many a time, when the bell has summoned me to the drawing-room have I found my mistress at one end of the apartment behind the heavily-fringed damask curtains, her eyes red with weeping; and at the other end my master dosing on the rich sofa, drunk with champagne. Perhaps they had not spoken to each other for days. When I entered, both would give me orders at once; and if I obeyed my mistress, my master would sometimes seize a book, or a shoe, or any thing within his reach, and throw it at my head, cursing me for not minding him first; yet I did not dare to do otherwise than wait upon my mistress first, for I was bought for her waiting maid; besides, I pitied her, and felt ashamed before her."

"Some of the slaves were very impudent to him, especially when they saw him intoxicated. He had a French mulatto coachman, who said all manner of saucy things, and seldom got punished for it. I never knew how it was that he would bear so much from that mulatto. The other slaves said he knew something, that made his master afraid of him. One day he called to the groom, 'Bring out the horses! Massa and me go to Hell to day.' This made a great laughing and joking, and he was ordered to be whipped for it; but he made Mr. ——— believe that he meant to say he was going to Summer *Hill*, only he was French, and did not know how to speak the word.

"One day, some garden rakes had been left in the path, and Mr. ——— ordered the coachman to pick them up, and put them out of his way. 'Where shall I carry them?' 'To Hell, for all I care.' 'Massa, that be right *in* your way.' The other slaves that heard it looked at each other, and showed all their white teeth; but the Frenchman was not even scolded at.

"I grew very unhappy. My master was disagreeable to me; and I could never forget what my mother used to say about the sin and shame of such connexions. Sometimes I wished, since I was so entirely in his power, that I could love him; and then I was shocked at myself for such a wicked thought. I was made more uncomfortable by the suspicion that I might become a mother; and from the first day I belonged to this man, I had heard the servants tell that he always sold his own children soon after they were born, in order to keep them out of his wife's way. This thought haunted me from morning till night. I could not hear to think that such would be the fate of *my* child.

"Again I tried to break my shameful bonds; and threatened to appeal to my mistress for protection, begging her to sell me to a man of better character. This made my master very angry. He told me 'I need not feel so safe because I was at home. He knew how to punish me. He had only to write a letter to Mississippi, and send me off by the next slave ship.'

"After that threat, I had no peace. I fancied he showed me less kindness, and that this was a sign he was about to sell me. My mind turned towards the Free States; and I listened eagerly to every thing that was said about them. I heard of a colored man, who had helped off some slaves. I went to him and asked him if he could help me. He said he would; but advised me not to leave, except when the house was full of company. It was easy to find such a time; for our house was thronged with visiters; but I waited for a chance to leave on Saturday—knowing that they could not advertise me in the papers until Monday. A celebrated beauty and heiress from the North, (a lady well known to the editor,) was passing through the city; and as her stay was short, my mistress made a Ball for her on Saturday. The slaves were all of a hoity toity; for they take great pride in their master's having famous guests, and making grand entertainments. All of them were talking about the rich Miss ———, the beautiful Miss ———. I, of course, was one to receive the ladies, as they came; and my curiosity was great to see the Northern belle. Among the crowd, one particularly attracted my attention by the extreme simplicity of her dress. She wore plain white muslin, with a satin sash, without ornament of any kind, save a single band of pearl around her head. When I rested on one knee to arrange her shoe-lacing, she thanked me, with a very sweet smile, and said she preferred to do it herself. What was my surprise to discover that this was the famous belle! When I told it to the servants, they seemed to have no opinion of her at all.—'She can be no great things,' said they, 'if she ties her own shoes. She's never been used to be waited upon, that's plain enough.'

"I wondered within myself whether she was a sample of the ladies in the Free States. I had already told my colored friend what evening I had chosen to escape; and he told me I should find walking to and fro, in front of his house, a white man in Quaker dress. If I spoke to him, and he answered, 'Thy name is Jane Neal,' it would be a sign I had found the right person. My heart throbbed with the hopes of escape and the fear of failure. What money and trinkets I had were sewed within the clothes I wore. I was afraid to take any bundle, lest the other servants might notice it as something singular.—While planning how I should slip out unperceived, I was told to go and order some fresh ice-creams from the confectioner's. The party may be waiting for the ice-creams to this day, for ought I know. I had other business on hand. With great difficulty, I found, in the obscurity of evening, the house where I had agreed to meet the stranger. I soon saw a man in Quaker dress, walking to and fro. He gave me the signal agreed upon, and said, 'Follow me, friend.' He had a wagon and horses in readiness, and he carried me thirty miles that night to the house of another friend, who carried me fifty miles further on; and at last I found myself in Philadelphia. At one place, I staid three days at the rail-road depot; for the man who had the management of it told me there were advertisements posted up describing such a person as I was, and he advised me to hide myself. I was concealed in a chamber in his house; and peeping from the windows I saw two constables, whom I knew to be in my master's employ, go on in the cars, and on the third day go back. I had little doubt they were searching for me; for I was told two men from the South had been making very close inquiries for a runaway slave. I eluded them, however, and came safely to New-York."

Annette remained some time in New-York, and would not have left it, had she not met in the streets so many gentlemen and ladies, whom she had seen as guests at her master's hospitable mansion. Thinking Boston would be the safer place, she took passage thither. In that city her babe was born. Some of the colored people, who knew her history, advised her to put the child in the alms-house; but she replied, "No, I will never desert it. I wish it had died when it was born; but since it is here, it is my duty to take care of it; if the child is ruined, he shall never have occasion to reproach my neglect as the cause.

This virtuous resolution she carried into effect. Finding it impossible to pursue her trade, of mantua-making, with the constant care of her babe, she went out to service, and devoted nearly all her wages to pay for its being nursed. In the streets, she sometimes met those who had visited at her master's; but as none recognized her, she grew bold in a feeling of security, and not only went into the streets, but ventured to meeting on Sunday. One day, turning a corner suddenly, she came upon a whole family of travellers, near neighbors of her master. "How do you do? Jeannette," said they: "We did not know you were here. Where does your mistress put up?"—"At the Tremont," was the ready reply. "What number?" "Twenty-eight." "Tell her I shall call to see her immediately. I had no idea she was in the city."

With a palpitating heart, Annette hastened home, resolving to show her face no more in the street, till the travelling season was over. But the news of her whereabout was probably conveyed by writing; for, about six weeks after, a genteel-looking young man came to the back door of the house where she lived, under pretence of inquiring for the master. She was startled, for she thought she had seen him when she was a slave; and she was perfectly sure that the cane he carried was one of a number her master had made from the ruins of some old Fort, as convenient presents for his friends. This gave her an air of embarrassment, much increased by his scrutinizing gaze, and his questions concerning her name, birth-place, &c. That same evening, a message was brought, purporting to be from a colored woman of her acquaintance, in Southack St., who wished to see her at eight o'clock, alone, on particular business. This changed suspicion into alarm. She was put into a carriage, and brought to the house of a friend of mine; and there I heard her story.

We deemed it best for her to leave Boston. Her present prospects are good; I would mention them, if we, of the nominally free States, were really free.

The *men* of New England may bear this state of things with silent submission, and call their criminal acquiescence patriotism; but a thousand times has my pulse beat high with indignation, to find that I, too, a free-born woman of Massachusetts, was a bond slave of the South; obliged to suppress my best impulses, and obey the dictates of my conscience by stealth. The slaveholder's whip has a long lash, that reaches from Georgia far beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

"Oh, what a precious name is Liberty, to scare, or cheat, the simple into slaves."—L. M. C.

CHARLES STUART.

We have received a circular from this gentleman, requesting information concerning the causes of separation in the anti-slavery ranks; particularly the American Society, and the Massachusetts Society. In reply, we refer him to the Reports of those societies, and other documents, long before the public. We were surprised to find Mr. Stuart asking for such information at this late day. If his mind is in a state to make any other than *ex parte* use of evidence, it is much to be regretted that he did not seek for it, before he undertook to instruct the people of England upon the subject; as he did some time ago, in a published circular, widely extended, and as conspicuous for its *ex cathedra* tone, as it was for the narrowness of its views.

All who feel interested to understand the nature of our separation, have had ample opportunity to learn by this this time, that the old organization simply refuses to apply any test to the opinions of its members, except on the one subject of negro slavery. Quakers, or women, may bear a testimony when the spirit moves; Presbyterians may pray at stated seasons, if conscience dictates; politicians may vote according to anti-slavery principles, or, according to non-resistance principles, they may refuse to vote at all.

This unfettered freedom, the new organization persist in calling the "*introducing* of foreign topics;" whereas, the only discussion on points of difference has arisen from their efforts to *prohibit* certain modes of action, agreeable to the reason and consciences of others.

MOB AT CINCINNATI.

This event, slightly noticed in our last paper, under the title of Border Wars, proves to have been a more serious affair than we imagined. We gain the following particulars from the Philanthropist:

"A colored man came to the house of Mr. J. Burnett on Fifth-street, near Vine, stating that he was from Kentucky, and that his master had given him a pass to come to Cincinnati. He remained at Mr. Burnett's till Friday morning.

Friday morning, while C. Burnett, his son Joseph, and daughter-in-law, Mr. Lewis, (a man who was at work there,) and two young apprentices were at breakfast, the colored man sitting in the room, three persons entered quickly through the store, and rushed in, as if in search of some one. J. Burnett arose and demanded their business, but received no answer. C. Burnett, suspecting that they intended to seize the black man, in order to divert their attention from him, cried out "go a-head!" pointing to the yard. One of them, happening to see the negro sitting in the corner, called out, when another, turning his head, exclaimed—"that is my boy, seize him!"

No warrant was shown by any of the individuals—no permission was asked or given to search the premises, no word spoken as to their business, till this moment.

Confusion immediately arose; they were ordered to quit the premises, but rushed upon the negro. Mr. Burnett, his son, and Mr. Lewis interfered at once, and attempted to put them out of the house. C. Burnett seizing one, got his head under his arm, and had him completely at his mercy, but declares that he did not strike him. He drew him towards the door, and put him out, and immediately received from him a severe blow in the face. J. Burnett grappled the person (named McCalla) claiming the negro; a scuffle followed, the wife of J. Burnett, a delicate woman, laid hold of his shoulders to pull him away, but was struck two or three times by McCalla across the neck and shoulders with a knotted stick—her cape was torn by him, and he pushed her with considerable force across the room. Her husband fell upon him with redoubled vigor—was thrown down—while prostrate, McCalla drew a pistol, pointed it at his breast, pulled the trigger, but it missed fire, Leveridge, a journeyman who had been down stairs, and had run up on hearing the noise, here interfered and pulled McCalla off, and J. Burnett then flogged McCalla severely and drove him out of the shop.

Meantime the negro having been dragged away by a fourth man who came in, the fracus ended.

The disturbance attracted a crowd to the door, who became greatly incensed when they saw the bleeding face of McCalla, and heard it reported that the Burnetts had been harboring negroes, and had resisted the peace officer in his attempt to arrest a runaway. Besides, the Burnetts are Englishmen, and this was used to aggravate the irritation already awakened.

The report spread over the city—a great number of low characters, and half-grown boys and respectable citizens, assembled about the store. Threats of violence were freely used. Sheriff Avery, by request, in the absence of the Mayor and Marshall on duty in Kentucky, appeared on the ground and commanded the peace. The crowd seemed disposed to disperse, and the Sheriff, telling Mr. Burnett to *protect his own rights*, departed, under the conviction that no further disturbance would take place.

On his departure, the crowd again closed up and beset the door.

The mob was on foot from eight in the forenoon till twelve o'clock, broke windows, and committed violence on the inmates of Mr. Burnett's house. An Abolitionist was violently assailed in Esq. Doty's office the same day, for a mere expression of opinion, driven up Main street, by a mob, knocked down near Third, took refuge in the Henrie House, whence he was expelled, and put in jeopardy till he found shelter in office opposite.

The only persons arrested, were those who throughout, had been acting on the defensive; and these, on their way to jail, the mob attempted to lynch, a ring-leader kicking Mr. C. Burnett in the spine.

The same mob assembled in front of Mr. Burnett's house, Friday night, and commenced an assault upon it with the design of destroying his property, but were at last dispersed by the Sheriff."

The Cincinnati newspapers pursued the usual course of the American press on such occasions.

Some rejoiced in the opportunity to pour forth long-cherished hatred to anti-slavery, and ill-disguised sympathy with Southern institutions.

Some styled the Burnetts, and those who assisted in defending them, *a mob*. Others made prominent the charge of harboring a runaway slave; as if that was a crime, even if it were true.

Though Mr. Burnett is a naturalized citizen, the Gazette pointed popular rage towards him by styling him "a rash Englishman;" and stated that his "law defying zeal" would not be countenanced by the influential abolitionists, "many of whom were most respectable citizens."

This was too much to be endured by the patriotic Republican; the editor of which is much disturbed that the Gazette should have made such an admission. He grants that the abolitionists may be "*moral*" men, "*good*" men, "many of them *Christians*, if you please;" but as for "respectable citizens," that is quite another affair.

Alluding to this, the editor of the Philanthropist says:

"If you will allow us to be *moral, good, Christian* men, we are willing to wait for our title to respectability till Henry E. Spencer deems it respectable to be just such *moral, good*, and *Christian* men as we are."

What the South and her coadjutors in Ohio will do, we know not; unless they Lynch the Supreme Court, and tar and feather all jurors suspected of construing the laws in favor of freedom. The clumsy giants, in their impotent rage, know no other method than to assail arguments with rifles, and stab at the truth with bowie knives.

Each succeeding year difficulties will continue to thicken around them. These frontier squabbles are the inevitable result of clashing institutions brought into unnatural juxta-position. If the abolitionists were a thousand times more supine than they are, they could not avoid such scenes. From the time of our confederation similar difficulties have been frequently occurring between Maryland and Pennsylvania; and it is long since the former State gave up the *attempt* to keep any slaves within 20 or 30 miles of the Border.

Can the South remedy this by separating from the Union? What States would consent to be *frontier* slave States? They would be like the quarrelsome farmers, who wanted "to have no outside row to their corn."

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.

The Jury, to which was referred the claim for compensation on account of the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, May 17th, 1838, were limited to the determination of two points, viz: the amount of damages sustained, and the participancy of the owners.

After six months deliberation, meeting sometimes once a fortnight, sometimes once, and sometimes twice a week, they have finally handed in to the Court their report.—They have reported, by a majority of five to one, that *damages were sustained by the owners, to the amount of thirty-three thousand dollars; and that the owners of the property were not active participants in the mob.* They state that the estimate of the amount of loss, which was made by the owners of the Hall, was $101,089, while the counsel, on behalf of the county which is to compensate the loss, do not make it more than $31,469.

One of the jurors dissented from the report, on the ground that the owners of the Hall were the cause and originators of the riots, in consequence of which the building was destroyed.

The Pennsylvania Freeman says:

"Although the gentleman of the jury, from whom we received our information, expressed the opinion that the question would still be an embarrassing one for settlement, yet we cannot help considering the report as tantamount to an award. The law is plain, and the jury's reports make the facts plain, and it appears to us that nothing is left but for the court to confirm the report, and certify the same to the county commissioners, whose business it will then be to draw a warrant upon the county treasurer for the amount, to be paid over to the owners. This was the process in the former case, when damages were awarded for the books burned in the Depository.

It will be seen that the sum agreed upon is not the one-third of what was claimed by the stockholders of the Hall. One of them tells us that he would be opposed to accepting an award so far short of what he considers their just claim."

SLAVES AND SLAVEHOLDERS.

A well dressed man excited some suspicion among the colored people of Boston, last week by appearing in the porch of the Rev. Mr. Snowden's meeting-house, in May street, and making many inquiries. Accustomed to be pursued by kidnappers to the very footstool of the throne of God, they thought it probably was the agent of Henry Ludlam, in search of Lucy Fagan, the slave girl mentioned in our last as being set free by decision of Judge Wilde. A few boys raised the cry of "slaveholder!" and gave him chase. He stumbled over a cart; hurt his lip, and lost his hat. He took refuge in the House of Mr. Welsh, an abolitionist, who gave him water to wash his face, and lent him a new hat.

The D[illegible] Mail represents that "the whole congregation, men, women and children, followed close to his heels in full cry, full of wrath and cabbage;" and suggests that it might have been because he "showed some signs of being amused at the appearance and conduct of the congregation."

Even from this version of the story, Southerners may learn the undeniable fact, that it is not safe for their agents to be seen prowling about places of worship belonging to the colored people.

It is really amusing to see how the sympathy of the American press is poured out for Mr. Ludlam, the honorable gentleman from Virginia, who brought the aforesaid Lucy Fagan to New-Bedford, and there lost his "property," by virtue of a writ of Habeas Corpus. "They had come to visit a sick father;" "Mrs. Ludlam was feeble and fatigued with her journey;" the slave "did not want her freedom, and tried to hide herself from the persecuting abolitionists," &c. &c. In short, "it was a case particularly aggravating."

The New Bedford Mercury contains a letter from the slaveholder, who says,—"I do not hesitate to pronounce the conduct of those wretches who took a prominent part in the affair on the night of the arrest, as barbarous and disgraceful. Under the cloak of Religion and Law, they committed acts that would disgrace barbarians."

The editor raises a great Wullyhoo over the gentleman's wrongs; though he cannot define any thing particularly disgraceful in thus giving a human being a chance for freedom, except that the officer with the writ would not leave the girl, for the temporary convenience of her mistress, on the promise that she should cetainly appear before the court in season. Had he been well acquainted with Southerners, he would know that they are slippery in such matters, however honorable in honorable business.—The abolitionists and the colored people have learned by bitter experience, that in all such cases, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The New-York Courier and Enquirer in this case evinces its characteristic compassion towards all slaves, who are so foolish and unfortunate as to change their happy condition. The editor is certain Lucy will come to the alms-house, as all slaves do when they become free. This seeems to have become a settled maxim of democracy, and shows how mistaken our fathers were in believing freedom to be safe and salutary for the human soul.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

The Philanthropist, published in Cincinnati, says:—

"The abolition Friends in Cortsville have earnestly requested us to publish an article from the Liberator, concerning the declaration of George F. White, a Quaker preacher, against abolitionism—followed by their disclaimer. They assign good reasons for the request, and we shall do as desired. A part of the article appears this week—next week we shall conclude it, and republish the disclaimer of the Cortsville Friends."

☞ No. 3. of the Society of Friends was excluded this week, for want of room. We shall publish it next week. We prolong this subject from no unkindness, or wish to excite unpleasant feelings; but because we deem it important that Friends, all over the country, should be able to judge, candidly and and intelligently, whether the advocates of anti-slavery among them are really departing from their ancient testimonies, or acting contrary to their established discipline.

WASHINGTON.

Mr. Buckingham, the English traveller, in his lately published book, makes the following remarks, which we believe to be true, because they coincide with the information given by all sorts of people who visit our Seat of Government.

"The total absence of all restraint upon the actions of men, either legal or moral, occasions such open and unblushing displays of recklessness and profligacy as would hardly be credited, if mentioned in detail. Unhappily, too, the influence of this is more or less felt in the deteriorated characters of almost all persons who come often to Washington, or live for a long period there. Gentlemen from the northern and eastern States, who, before they left their homes, were accounted moral, and even pious men, undergo such a change at Washington, by a removal of all restraint, that they very often come back, very altered characters, and, while they are at Washington, contract habits, the very mention of which, is quite revolting to chaste and unpolluted ears."

☞ We are happy to state that JOHN A. COLLINS, General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, has returned to Boston in the Caledonia. We hope soon to learn some interesting particulars of his faithful mission, in behalf of the Parent Society, in Great Britain.

☞ With thanksgiving for the anti-slavery cause, and the most especial joy of personal friendship, we announce the arrival of WENDELL PHILLIPS and his wife, from Europe. Again and again the friends of freedom, with weary, longing hearts, have said,

"We *need* thy blended eloquence of lip and eye and brow;
We need the righteous as a shield—why art thou absent now?"

Anti-Slavery Items.

The Texian Congress has passed a law EXEMPTING SLAVE PROPERTY from all liability for debts of the owners, except debts to the Texian government! The object of the law is well understood. The slave states of our Union are indebted to the free states, not far from 150,000,000, dollars, and their slave property is daily attached and sold at auction, to satisfy the demands of northern creditors. The law of Texas invites these worthy debtors to come to Texas and bring *their slaves*, by assuring them that they shall be safe henceforth, from the pursuit of their creditors; or, as a Texas newspaper, very quaintly remarks, "this act will go far to convince many southern gentlemen of the salubrity of our climate!"

The British Cruisers are busy on the Coast of Africa.—The slavers in some cases, have adopted the plan of sailing in companies of 5 or 6 vessels, only one being loaded with slaves. Should a cruiser overhaul them, they all take separate courses, and the cruiser not knowing which one to pursue, the loaded slaver has a fair chance of escape. The British traders complain much of the increase of American vessels on the coast, as the latter undersell them in their outward cargoes, and pay higher prices for the produce of the country. Two slave factories had been burned by British cruisers, and the establishment broken up.

The Emancipator contains sundry advertisements from the National Intelligencer of May 20, in which rewards, amounting to $1,850, are offered for the recovery of eleven men and one woman, fugitives from slavery. If the reward offered for their apprehension be a tenth part of their value, the amount of Southern property thus strayed away amounts to $18,50 .

A Cheering Sign.—At the late celebration of the Sabbath Schools in Boston, the children of the two schools belonging to the churches called African, went into Marlboro' Chapel with the others, and took their seats just in the order they happened to come. This mingling of colors appeared to give no offence. This is a cheering sign; especially as it was not suggested by abolitionists.

General Association of Congregational Ministers.—Their annual meeting was recently held at Westfield, Mass.—After reporting in strong disapprobation of Sabbath Mails, the Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Springfield, introduced the inquiry, what action, if any, the Association should take on the subject of slavery. After considerable discussion, the subject was referred to a committee, of which Rev. Dr. Emerson was chairman, and the committee reported that it is inexpedient for the Association to act on the subject. After two or three unsuccessful efforts to re-commit the subject, it was finally referred to a new committee, who reported a resolution to the effect that a committee be appointed to correspond with some ecclesiastical body at the South, on the subject of slavery, and report their doings to the next General Association. That report was adopted, although many of the members declined voting; and Rev. Josiah Clark, Rev. Calvin Durfee, and Rev. A. J. Sessions, were appointed the Committee of Correspondence.

Affairs at Washington.—Mr. Leavitt, of the Emancipator, has left Washington, and returned to New-York.—It marks progress, that the editor of an Anti-Slavery paper should be *allowed* to take his seat at Washington with other reporters of congressional proceedings; but we should suppose he might spend his time more profitably this hot weather, than in listening to everlasting wrangling about points of order, and interminable amendments rarely accepted. It is edifying to see how fast our statesmen get on with their "important business," after their heroic efforts to forget an important subject, which not a soul in Congress *can* forget, if his life depended upon doing it.

Sir John Jerome, the new governor of Sierra Leone, died of a Port Locco fever, on the 23d of April. The friends of human freedom in Great Britain deeply mourn this event; for the intelligence, benevolence and firmness of his character promised great benefits to Africa.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society are urging East India emancipation with great zeal upon the candidates for the new Parliament; and many of the answers are highly satisfactory.

The English Press informs us that William Day, formerly editor of the Christian's Friend and Jersey Argus, has published in that country "a very accurate, judicious, and spirited publication," entitled "Slavery in America shown to be peculiarly abominable, both as a political anomaly and an outrage on Christianity.'

THE ONE DOLLAR PLEDGE.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount	previously acknowledged,	$85 00
85	Laura Merrills, Hartland, Conn.	1 00
86	Lyman Merrills, " "	1 00
87	Lucia Marriott, Hudson, N. Y.	1 00
88	Maria Marriott, " "	1 00
89	Margaret M. Hyatt, " "	1 00
90	Barnard Freeman, Brewster, Mass.	1 00
91	Melinda Freeman, " "	1 00
92	Robert R. Crosby, " "	1 00
93	Seth Robbins, " "	1 00
94	Philander Payne, " "	1 00
95	Ebenezer Payne, " "	1 00
96	Ezekiel Thrasher, Yarmouth Port, Mass.	1 00
97	Austin Bearse, Centreville, Mass.	1 00
98	Sylvanus Jagger, " "	1 00
99	Robert F. Wallcut, Dennis, "	1 00
100	Abm. Van Eps, Vernon, N. Y.	1 00
101	James M. Buffum, Lynn, Mass.	1 00
102	Ruth Buffum, " "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

ENGLAND.

The British Parliament was dissolved by the Queen on the 22d of June, and the immediate election of a new House of Commons ordered. The political circumstances connected with the prorogation had their effect in bringing together an immense assemblage. From the moment the royal carriage passed though the gates of Buckingham palace, until its arrival at the House of Lords, the enthusiasm of the immense multitude that crowded every spot from which a glimpse of the procession could be had, was unabated. Within the House of Lords the assemblage of peeresses and strangers was even greater than upon the occasion of the opening of the first parliament under the present reign.

The cheers with which her Majesty was hailed on her return from the House of Lords were greatly increased as she reached Whitehall, but as her Majesty's carriage turned into the Horse Guards loud cries were raised of "Remember the corn laws!" "Repeal the corn laws!" Those cries evidently reached the royal ear, as her Majesty seemed to bow assent to the demand of her loyal subjects, which drew forth renewed acclamations.

The elections were attended with fierce excitement, and alarming riots. Several persons have been stabbed, and some died of excitement. In Liverpool 5 persons were killed, one of whom was a woman.

The riots were only suppressed by calling out the military.

Although scarcely half the returns are in, it appears nearly certain that the Conservatives are triumphant, and that the Whig Ministry must at length surrender. Thus far the general result is summed up as follows:

Liberals of all shades	159
Conservatives	145

The President's message reached England on the 23d of June. In the midst of their own political excitements, it was received with no great interest; some parts of it were much approved; especially that in which a resort to arms is spoken of as being no longer the arbiter of national differences.

In a keen encounter of wit in the British Parliament, June 10th, between Lords Brougham and Ashburton, the former touched upon the sugar question, as connected with slavery, and said he would draw a distinction between countries in or by which the slave trade was still carried on; *their* produce he would rigidly exclude, but not that of countries in which slavery existed only as a domestic institution. He would exclude the produce of Brazil and Cuba, but not that of the United States and the East Indies.

The British are sending out more forces to China, both from England and India.

Mr. George Hayter is appointed Painter to the Queen, in place of Sir David Wilkie, lately deceased.

FRANCE.

The party adverse to the Peace of Europe is again beginning to be active. The War mania is again rising; and it is by no means satisfactory to know that some of Louis Phillippe's Ministers show a disposition to encourage it. The French Marine Minister is threatening, and at variance with the pacific policy of M. Guizot. Vessels are being regularly despatched to the Mediterranean. The Turkish Empire is distracted—Eastern affairs unsettled; and this, coupled with the state of feeling in Paris, all dictate the prudence of not relying on the professedly peaceable disposition of France.

Great activity prevails all over France and England, in fitting out ships of war.

There is a rumor of an intended marriage between the brother of Prince Albert and Clementine, only unmarried daughter of Louis Philippe.

SPAIN.

The Cortes have declared vacant the office of Guardian to her Majesty Queen Isabella II.

The young Queen of Spain is reported to be in a very bad state of health.

The *Courrier de Bordeaux* publishes the speech delivered by Espartero when elected Regent of Spain, which is nearly word for word with that pronounced by Napoleon in the presence of the senate after his appointment as counsul for life.

The Spaniards have struck another blow at Popery, by refusing to allow the circulation of the Pope's bull, briefs, rescripts, monitories, or any other documents issuing from the Papal See, which have not had the fiat of the Spanish government.

The government decrees also the suppression of "The Society for the Propagation of the Faith," enjoins the civil and ecclesiastic authorities to prevent its assembling, and to stop the circulation of its papers. The judges and alcaldes are ordered to sequester the funds of the Society, wherever they are to be found.

The Pope, in his fiery indignation, has refused to recognise the Marquis de Villalba, as Spanish envoy to the court of Rome. The Marquis has therefore quitted that city on his return to Madrid.

ITALY.

Madame Catalani, the great Queen of Song, died at her casino, on the banksof Lac de Como, on the 20th of last month, in the 61st year of her age.

The *Diario de Roma* announces the death of the Marchesa Quarontotti, aged 112 years. It states, that until two years ago, when she began to feel the infirmities of age, she enjoyed perfect health, and all her intellectual faculties were in full vigor.

DENMARK.

The Government had concluded a treaty with Great Britain and Sweeden relative to the passage of the Sound. In virtue of this treaty, the duration of which is limited to ten years from the 15th June, and may be prolonged for ten years more, if agreeable to the contracting parties, the court of Copenhagen has established a new tariff of duties to be paid by merchant vessels navigating under English colors.

By this tariff, the duties on coffee, cocoa, and raw sugar, are reduced.

THE EAST.

The Turkish Sultan is evidently under the control of the five great powers of Europe. Whether they will parcel his inheritance among them remains to be seen. The Mahometans of Syria, and the Druses, who show a strong disposition to become Protestants, are said to desire British protection. The Greek Church, which is numerous, both in Syria and Palestine, look to Russia; and France claims the right to protect the Catholics, who number over half a million. Late accounts state, that at least a dozen English officers were engaged in a military survey of the whole country, from Aleppo to Gaza. The English have applied to the Sultan for the prerogative of appointing the Governor of Jerusalem, and it is said the Sultan is favorable to it.

A Syria letter from Constantinople, says, "The Divan has, within the last few days, been anxiously occupied with the question of the Constitution which the European Powers are desirous of granting to the people of Syria. No definite resolution has been come to, but it appears that the following is proposed by the Divan:

1st. The separation of the civil, military, and financial government. 2d. The diminution of the taxes. 3d. The confirmation of the former privileges as to religious worship for all classes of Christians. 4th. The erection of Jerusalem into a free town, under the sovereignty of the Porte. 5th. The nomination of a patriarchate, the head of which to be chosen with the concurrence of the Porte, and dependent upon the Sultan alone, without the intervention of any other power."

The Greek insurgents continue active and formidable. The Candians are in high spirits, and express great hopes of throwing off the Turkish yoke effectually.

The King of Cochin, China, has recently put to death ten Catholic missionaries in his dominions.

CUBA.

This island has been visited by a destructive inundation. A heavy rain continued for 48 hours. The city of Puerto Principe was overflowed to the breadth of more than two squares from the river. The loss of property in the city is estimatod at full $50,000, and the damage in the country is extensive.

A letter, dated June 10th, states that the yellow fever was raging violently at Ravana. Joseph Fisher, of Rhode Island, second engineer of the Lion, and Joseph Hutchinson, of Lowell, Mass., belonging to the same vessel, had died of the fever; and two of the engineers of the steamship Eagle were down with it.

BRAZIL.

The coronation of the Emperor was to take place, the 18th of July.

MEXICO.

It appears that some merchants in Arkansas, contemplate opening a trade with Chihuahua, from which they anticipate great profits. There then will be three roules for the over-land trade to the internal provinces of Mexico:—one via Missouri; one via Fort Tonson; and another through Texas. The internal provinces of Mexico contain some of the most productive mines in the world. Their supplies of cotton and other goods have hitherto been conveyed to them, for the most part, by way of Matamoras and Tampico. It is thought the trip via Fort Towson, can be accomplished in a few months. The distance by land is about 600 miles. The goods are to be transported in wagons, or on dacks. The grass in the prairies affords abundance of subsistence for the mules or oxen, while the herds of buffalo and deer would insure provisions for the command; yet prudence will require that some flour or hard bread be provided. The route is through predatory bands of Comanche and Pawnee Indians; but a company of from 80 to 100 persons will be amply secure from molestation.

George W. Kendall, formerly of Amherst, N. H. one of the editars of the New-Orleans Picayune, has gone on a tour of observation with a Texian expedition, consisting of 300 men, whose object is to coax Sante Fee into a separation from Mexico, and a union with Texas; and if coaxing wont effect the object, their armed force will.

The Picayune says,—"It will be seen, that the aims of this Santa Fe expedition are of no trifling character, but deeply important in more ways than one."

The Austin City Gazette states that three Commissioners or Agents from Gen. Arista have arrived at San Antonio, and it is believed that they come prepared to negotiate a suspension of hostilities between Mexico and Texas, and a vigorous joint prosecution of the war with the Camanche and other hostile Indians.

The New-York Tribune says,—"This may be true; but if so, why was the Texan Embassador so ignominiously turned away from the very frontier of Mexico so recently?

('I suppose it was right to dissemble her love,
But why did she kick me down stairs?'

CANADA.

The Canada Assembly is absorbed in forming Committees (of eleven each) on Contested Elections, which are very numerous. There has been a fist-fight in one the Committee-rooms, in which Mr. Christie of Gaspe gave the lie to Mr. Hamilton of Bonaventure, and was knocked down. A challenge was sent by the former, but not accepted.

Decision in McLeod's Case.—It will be remembered that Alexander McLeod, indicted for the murder of Amos Durfee, at Schlosser, N. Y. in connection with the burning of the Caroline, applied for a discharge—1st, on the ground that he was not present at the commission of the offence, and of course did not participate in it; and 2nd, that if he had been present and acting, it would have been in the necessary defence and protection of his country, against a treasonable insurrection, of which Durfee was an acting agent at the time.

The Supreme Court of New-York, sitting at Utica, have decided, through Judge Cowen, *against* the application; and the prisoner is remanded to the County of Niagara, to await a trial by jury. The effect of this decision will be to cause the prisoner to be tried on the indictment by a jury, unless the case in its present form should be appealed to the Court of Errors, [the State Senate,] and should the Court of Errors affirm the present decision, then the case would be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Webster, in his celebrated reply to Mr. Fox, seemed to take it for granted, that McLeod would be discharged, if for no other reason, at least because the offence for which he was indicted was assumed by the British *Government*.

McLeod himself is said to be desirous of a trial by jury, expecting to prove satisfactorily that he did not belong to the expedition which destroyed the Caroline.

There is considerable excitement, especially in the frontier counties of New-York; and many think the case now looks dark for the prisoner. But should he be convicted, we have the assurance of the Secretary of State that the Supreme Court of the United States will take measures to release him, according to what they consider a just application of the principles of national law. The ultimate settlement of the question will unhappily involve considerable delay. We trust public excitement, meanwhile, will subside into candour and moderation.

Terrible Fire.—The Village of Waterford, on the Hudson river and Northern Canal, was last week nearly destroyed by fire. Seventy or eighty buildings were consumed, among which were the Saratoga Bank, Episcopal Church, Academy, and Mansion House. The books of the Bank were saved, and the specie remained in the vault, to the amount of $10,000. The loss is estimated at not less than $150,000; a portion of which is insured.

Dr. William James MacNeven, one of the 'United Irishmen' of 1798, the distinguished compatriot of Emmett, died in this city last week, aged 79.

Sailors' Home.

The subscriber, having taken into co-partnership Nathaniel A. Borden, will hereafter conduct the business of the "Sailors' Home," No. 61 Cherry street, under the firm of Powell & Borden.

WILLIAM P. POWELL.
New-York, July 19th, 1841. 1 mo.

Poetry.

SCOTLAND.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh, mountain-crested Scotland!
I marvel not thou art
Dear, as a gracious mother,
Unto her children's heart!
I marvel not they love thee,
Thou land of rock and glen,
Of strath, and lake, and mountain,
And more—of gifted men.

Oh, wild traditioned Scotland!
Thy briery burns and braes
Are full of pleasant memories,
And tales of other days!
Thy story-haunted waters
In music gush along,
Thy mountain glens are tragedies,
Thy healthy hills are song!

"The dowie dens of Yarrow,"
"The Annan-water wan,"
"The deep mill-dams o' Binnorie,"
Where sailed the "milk-white swan;"
The lovers' bloody meeting,
On "Fair Kirkconnel lea;"
We sing them to the slumbering child
We cradle on our knee!

Land of the Bruce and Wallace,
Where fiery hearts have stood,
And, for their country and their faith,
Like water poured their blood;
Where wives and little children
Were steadfast to the death,
And graves of martyr-warriors
Are in the desert heath.

Land of the social virtues—
Where the tiller of the sod
Saith to his lowly household,
"Come, let as worship God."
Where the lowly shepherd readeth
His book within the glen,
And the poorest dwellers of the hills
Respect themselves as men.

Oh, mind-ennobled Scotland!
I marvel not thou art
Dear, as a gracious mother,
Unto her children's heart!
I marvel not that all the world
To thee admiring turns:
Thou gavest birth to Walter Scott,
And unto Robert Burns.

Oh, land of moor and mountain!
Of barren wastes of stone,
Of treelesss straths and trackless wilds,
I love thee as mine own!
I love thy mournful mosses,
Where sounds the plover's wail;
And the savage mountains girdle round
The dwellings of the Gael!

I love the gray mist hovering
O'er rocky isle and shore;
I love the castle gray and stern,
The strength of days of yore.
Thank God, we are one people,
With but one heart and aim!
For my bosom hath a warmer pulse
To hear Old Scotland's name!

From the Knickerbocker for April.

DEAR WIFE.

I hasten from the cares of day
With weary heart and sad;
Sure at my welcome door to meet
A smile to make it glad:
A smile to make it glad, dear wife,
A tone to lull to rest;
What wonder like a drooping bird
I seek my sheltered nest!

I hasten from the gayest scene
To greet a home so dear;
Sure, when the dull delight is past,
To find my pleasure here:
To find my pleasure here, dear wife,
Too happy in the choice;
To barter splendor for thine eyes,
And music for thy voice.

I hasten from the death of friends,
A prey to sorest grief;
Sure in thy kind consoling arms
To find my best relief:
To find my best relief, dear wife,
Where every wound I cure—
Where, beggared of all other love,
I could not yet be poor.

I waken when my restless frame
Subdued by sickness lies;
Sure, bending o'er my helpless head,
To meet thy faithful eyes:
To meet thy faithful eyes, dear wife,
Though dim with watching me,
Smiling to hide the weariness
'Twould pain my heart to see.

I quicken as I think of thee,
When journeying far I roam;
Sure, at thy prayer, a heavenly hand
Will guide me safely home:
Will guide me safely home, dear wife.
To little ones, and thee,
Eager with mother's pride to show
Their newest tricks to me.

I hide within my breast my shame
At passion's wayward will,
Sure, in that pure confessional
To find forgiveness still:
To find forgiveness still, dear wife,
All generous as thou art:
I cannot pay thee as I would—
God bless thy gentle heart!

From the Knickerbocker.

MIND AND BODY.

The body and the mind, by links
More firm than man and wife,
For better or for worse are wed,
In banns that last for life.

Like two ill-coupled hounds, a sad
And snarling pair, they start;
Two friends, alas! that can't agree—
Two foes that cannot part!

This would the noblest game pursue,
And course the lion's track;
But *this* to filth and garbage stoops,
And pulls his brother back.

EXCERPTS.

Oh! Hope is like the cuckoo's song
Upon its bright and leafy spray—
Heard every where, though never long,
And ever from afar.
But then the cuckoo singeth still
Amid the blaze of light;
While Hope is like the nightingale—
It singeth in the night.

Wordsworth

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die;
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Keble.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XIII.

Half-an-hour before midnight, on the following Friday, Edward and Lucy Bligh, who had passed the interval in anxious but vain expectation of seeing Phebe, set out together to reconnoitre her dwelling, and to discover, with as much caution as possible, the cause of her delay. The crescent moon, which, on the night of Phebe's visit to them had set at too early an hour to befriend her, now made the first part of their expedition delightful; and as they walked hand-in-hand through the forest, any who had listened to their conversation, and marked their young faces in the fine clear-obscure of that faint light, might have fancied that they were the spirits of some purer and holier race, permitted to revisit the land their kindred had lost.

Lucy was a good walker, but the distance which Phebe had traversed in fifty minutes, took her an hour and a quarter; and the moon had set, and heavy darkness hung upon the landscape when at last they reached the solitary hut of Peggy. So cloudy and dark, indeed, was the night become, that it was more by the rippling sound of the little stream that trickled from the spring behind the washer-woman's dwelling, than from any object their eyes could distinguish, that they at length perceived that they were at the termination of their walk

They now approached the door of the hut, and cautiously listened for a sound, either within or near it; but all was profoundly still. Lucy, who fancied she should be exposed to less danger, if discovered, than her brother, prevailed on him to remain at some short distance from the door, while she attempted to open it. The latch yielded to her touch, and she entered; but the darkness was such that she could discern nothing.

"Phebe!" she said, in a low, soft voice, hardly above a whisper.

"Phebe!—Who is it calls on Phebe?" exclaimed the voice of Peggy; "who is it calls for my poor, poor, lost child?"

"It is I—it is Lucy Bligh," was the reply. "Why do you call her lost?—Tell me, Peggy, where she is gone, and whom you have with you in the hut?"

"Oh, mistress! mistress!" sobbed out the wretched mother, "then she is not run away to you! Oh me! Oh me!——that was my only hope!"

"She was with me late on Tuesday night, Peggy," replied Lucy, gently approaching the bed; "but I have never seen her since. When did she quit the hut?"

"Let me get up—let me come out with you into the air!—I feel choking, mistress!" replied the poor negress, who was, in truth, at that moment totally unfit for any explanation.

"Do so, my poor Peggy," replied her former mistress, kindly; "my brother is near at hand. I will go and bring him into the porch, while you get your clothes on; and I trust that we may be able amongst us to find out where poor Phebe is gone."

Lucy then groped her way out of the hut, and in a few minutes returned with her brother to the open porch, which connected the two chambers of the hut, and having cautiously advanced through buckets and rinsing tubs, at last discovered a bench, on which they seated themselves, in total darkness, to await the coming of Peggy.

"Are you here, mistress?" was pronounced almost close to the ear of Lucy, before the sound of any foot-fall had given notice that the negress approached them.

"We are both here, Peggy," replied Edward; "can you not strike a light, that we may see each other while we converse? We have never had a night as dark as this."

"A light, Master Edward!—You were raised on the old master's grounds, and you don't know yet what slavery means. If I was to kindle a light, we would have a dozen cow-hides hanging over us—at least over me, Master Edward—in less than ten minutes."

"Well, then," said Lucy, "we will do without a light. But tell us about Phebe——. When did she leave you?"

"O, me! it was I left her!" replied the poor slave, weeping bitterly—"it was I left her, Miss Lucy! Had I stopped by her, I must have knowed something; and now I know nothing—nothing!"

The inquiries of Edward elicited an account of the scene which took place between Whitlaw and Phebe, on the evening he had last quitted the hut; and when Peggy repeated the cruel threats with which it had concluded, Lucy exclaimed, with a burst of uncontrollable emotion—"Did I not tell you, Edward, that she was true to us? Oh, my poor Phebe! it was this that she would not tell! She knew how much we would have done to save her, and she feared the danger it might have cost us,—dear, generous Phebe! But I will find her, if she be above ground; what have I to fear?—I am not a slave. Edward! shall we not seek for Phebe, in spite of master, overseers, and all? We are not black blood:—what is the worst we can fear?"

"Murder!" in a deep, distinct whisper, was the answer to this question; and so peculiar was the tone in which it was pronounced, that the brother and sister started, for neither of them recognized in it the voice of their old servant. Nevertheless, it was Peggy who uttered it; and in the next moment she added, but still in so low a tone as to show that even in that hour of universal rest, she feared a listener, "Nothing less is now punishment enough for any white who dares openly to befriend a slave."

Bligh well knew that this doctrine was daily becoming more general among the planters. The principles of the "Lynch law," which have since been openly recognized, acknowledged, and acted upon with impunity, in the face of day, and before the eyes of thousands of American citizens, were indeed, at that time, only beginning to show themselves in occasional acts of desperate ferocity, which, though from the first they were permitted to pass unpunished by the legislatures of the States in which they were committed, had not then fully reached the sort of tacit legality at which they soon afterwards arrived; but Edward, when from time to time he heard of the outrages perpetrated at New Orleans, had felt, while he shuddered at their atrocity, a something at his heart which seemed like a foretaste of martyrdom.

If there were any mixture, therefore, of human terror in this sensation, the young enthusiast was himself unconscious of it; and if his pulse had fluttered, and his cheek grown paler than ordinary, while listening to the frightful tales which reached him in his forest-dwelling, it was only when some idea of Lucy's being exposed to danger suggested itself.

Thus was it with him now, as he heard the prophetic denunciation of Peggy upon all who should seek to befriend her race. He trembled—and stretching out a cold damp hand to seek that of his sister, who sat beside him, he said, sternly,

"It is your first duty, Lucy, to obey implicitly the brother to whose care it has pleased the Almighty to consign you;—speak not, then, so presumptuously of what it is your purpose to do. I have made you, Lucy, my companion in a perilous enterprise; but I did so in the belief that no rash or self-willed measure on your part would ever thwart or trouble me."

"Edward!" exclaimed the startled girl, eagerly grasping his extended hand, "What reason can you have to doubt my willing obedience to every thing you wish? What have I said, dear brother, to make you speak thus?"

"Forgive me, love!" replied Edward, recovering himself; "I was very wrong to doubt you;—but in truth you terrified me when I heard you talk of seeking Phebe. This would not be the way to assist her, Lucy: whatever is done in this, must be done most cautiously, for her sake as well as your own. But we have not yet heard all. What happened, Peggy, after your daughter returned from Fox's clearing? You have seen her since, have you not?"

The bereaved mother then related the having perceived the approach of Whitlaw and Johnson on the following morning; and confessed, with the bitterest expressions of self-reproach, that rather than witness the outrage and cruelty which threatened her child, she had escaped with her two little ones into the forest, where she remained in a state of unspeakable misery for about an hour, and then returned sick and trembling to her hut, which she found totally deserted, and with no trace of the scene that had probably been acted there, but the cow-hide that Johnson had thrown on the floor, when Whitlaw had first commanded him to retire.

For several minutes after Peggy had concluded her narrative, no sound was heard in the still darkness which surrounded them but the stifled sobs of the poor negress. Lucy was silent, lest the expression of her strong feelings might renew the displeasure of her brother, and Edward himself was too deeply occupied in pondering upon the mysterious disappearance of the girl, to speak hastily on the subject. At length he said,

"Your grief is so violent, Peggy, that it is plain you fear something very terrible.—Let us know all. What is the worst you fear? Do you think that Whitlaw will kill her?"

Edward might have been puzzled how to interpret, without the commentary of words, the bitter smile which this question brought to the lips of the poor slave; but he saw it not,—and in a moment she answered,

"Kill her, master!—No, they will not kill her, no more than they would the finest horse in the colonel's stable. My Phebe is the flower of all his gang—there is none other like her!" And again tears choked her utterance.

"Then you can fear nothing for her," resumed Edward, "worse than what you fled to the forest to avoid seeing. Think not, poor soul · · I speak lightly of this," he continued, in a voice of the tenderest compassion; "God knows it cannot be more horrible in your eyes than in mine; but if you think her life is safe——"

"But where, Master Edward," exclaimed the mother in agony of grief,—"where is she to live?—That will be the punishment. My Phebe loved her mother!—there's not an overseer on the estate but knows that: for if my limbs ached, it was she that was up in the morning to lighten my work; and when I was sick and afraid to say it, it was she was away to the overseer to tell it, and frighten them into thinking they might lose my labor, and then making all straight by offering to be double tasked. The devil clerk, Master Edward, knows all this, and he has taken her from me on purpose to torture her!

"Likely enough, my poor Peggy," replied Edward; "but, as you are aware that the profit of your owner is the first object, do you not see that it is probable they will not separate you long?—They must know that you work better together than you could asunder."

"But that's not all—that's not all!" cried Peggy, bitterly; "'tis the price they'll get for her!—Oh, Master Edward, I have always trembled for that! Black Phebe is counted such a handsome girl, that at New-Orleans, they say, she'd fetch double what her value would be if she was only kept for her work."

The miserable truth these words contained admitted of no consolation; and the faintly expressed hope that this most cruel measure might not be resorted to, was all her pitying friends could give.

Lucy started as she perceived that the objects around her were becoming faintly visible.

"We must go, Edward," said she with nervous agitation. "It was our being here on Tuesday evening that brought on all this misery. Let us not be found here again, or poor Peggy may be made more wretched still."

A few minutes longer were occupied in listening to Peggy's earnest prayers that they would use the privilege "their blessed white skin" gave them—such was her phrase—to inquire at Natchez, and in all directions round about, whether "Black Phebe" had been sold.

Edward very solemnly gave his promise that he would fearlessly use every means in his power to obtain intelligence respecting her; and then, leaving some pastoral instructions to be cautiously delivered to his flock during the time he might be employed in this perilous quest, he again led forth his sister into the forest, through which they now found their way without difficulty, by help of the faint light, which gradually increased upon them as they advanced. But the spirits of both were heavily oppressed. Lucy trembled with the most affectionate anxiety for the safety of her humble friend; and Edward felt more keenly than he had ever before done, how terrible was the responsibility he had taken upon himself in leading his young sister into dangers from which he might find he had no power to shield her. If the peril had threated himself alone, he would have hailed it as a summons to glory; but when the frightful idea crossed him that Lucy might share it, his courage failed entirely, his heart sunk within him, and tears trembled in his eyes, while he pressed the pale girl to his bosom, as he reached the threshold of their rude home."

"Lie down, my poor Lucy, for an hour or two," he said, tenderly kissing her: "my head is working strangely upon what we have heard this night,—I want to be alone, and will wander about for another hour or so, and then return to fix the corn-cakes for our breakfast. When they are ready, I will call you, and you shall see if I am not almost as skilful as yourself.—Go to rest, dear love! Sleep, dear Lucy,—sleep!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Edward Bligh had indeed need to be alone.—Never till now had his poor spirit been harassed by that worst of human anxieties,—a conscientious doubt as to what it was his duty to do.

Not only had he pledged himself secretly and solemnly before Heaven to devote himself body and soul to alleviate the miseries of American slavery, but he had this night given a promise to one amongst them, who, from her well-known worth and faithful services, deserved his warmest zeal;—to her he had promised to be an active agent in discovering her daughter, though he knew that daughter to be in the hands of one who had the power and will to punish any interference with the most terrible severity. Could he perform this promise without involving his sister in the danger?—could he break it without violating the vow he had voluntarily pronounced before God?

The agony of his mind was terrible. Could he have seen Lucy placed in safety, his own path would have been plain before him;—nay, it would have appeared to his exalted contemplation both easy and delightful. He firmly believed that it might, and probably would, lead him to death; but it would be the blessed death of a martyr, and he hugged the idea of it with a sort of rapture. But even at the moment that he seemed to see a crown of glory waiting for him, the image of Lucy came before his eyes, and his hope and his strength failed at once. At one moment he had convinced himself that it was his duty to leave Louisiana immediately, and pursue the business of teaching with his orphan sister either in the State of Ohio, or any other not infected with the mildew of slavery, which they might be able to reach. But scarcely had he permitted himself to breathe freely, as one whose doubts were over, when, not only Peggy and Phebe, but all his Woodland congregation resumed their place in his memory, and he held himself in abhorrence as a renegade and a coward.

This mental strife lasted much beyond the hour he had allotted for his walk; but the corn-cakes were forgotten, and the weary Edward threw himself at length upon the ground, utterly exhausted both in mind and body.

In this situation, "Nature's kind restorer" settled on his eyelids, and he slept long and soundly.—When he awoke, all things appeared to wear a different aspect. Multitudes of birds were joyously singing around him; the bright sun shone furtively through the trees, chequering the ground with golden trellis-work; and the sweet morning air seemed to bring new life and vigor to his spirit.

Earnest and ardent was the prayer which followed his waking, and he rose from his knees cheered, strengthened, and full of hope.

There is even an alertness in the spirit at such an hour as this, which enables us both readily to suggest and promptly to decide on what we have to do. Before his homeward path was fully trod, Edward had completely settled in his own mind what his future line of conduct should be; and the cheerful air with which he apologised to Lucy, whom he found engaged in performing the task he had himself undertaken, for having lingered so long, made her bless the effect of the lengthened walk which she had wept to think of.

Their breakfast of milk and corn-bread was eaten hastily, for the children who attended their school were already seen approaching by more than one forest-path. Edward started up, saying,

"Lucy! will you undertake once more more today to perform the work which rightly belongs to me?—Will you keep school without me?"

"Most certainly I will, dearest Edward," she replied; "and if, as I guess, you have hit upon some promising expedient for the discovery of my poor Phebe, the double duty will seem very light."

Though these words implied no direct question, Edward felt that his sister expected to learn from him why he was about to absent himself; and his projects were as yet too vague to justify his stating them. After a few moments pause, however, he answered cheerfully,—

"I am going to Natchez, Lucy. There are, you know, four dollars destined to be expended in the purchase of some needful comforts for our establishment here. Now, I flatter myself that by means of a little store-gossip where I shall buy one thing, and a little more where I shall buy another, I may pick up all the news stirring about the sale of negroes, which is as interesting a theme as the barter of horses among jockeys. If Phebe has been sold since Wednesday, I think I shall find it out. Should this be the case, notwithstanding poor Peggy's grief, I shall be thankful, as your unfortunate favorite cannot be in worse hands than those of Colonel Dart and his detestable parasite Whitlaw. If, on the contrary, she has not been sold——" Here Edward paused, for he knew there was no comfort to be found in the alternative; but, after a moment's silence, he added, "If she has not been sold, I must endeavor to discover among our poor scattered flock, what has been her fate."

The importance of the errand as thus stated, appeared to Lucy amply sufficient to account for her brother's walk to Natchez; so, begging God's blessing upon him, she waved him off, and immediately sat down surrounded by a dozen boys and girls, and for six long hours devoted herself to the drudgery of teaching.

Edward had very faithfully explained a part of his business, but not the whole of it. It was indeed his purpose to discover, if possible, whether Phebe had been sold; and he felt pretty certain that if this had happened, he should hear of it. But there was another and a dearer object which took him from his daily task, the hope of success in which gave elasticity to his step and a cheering warmth to his heart. He hoped at Natchez to hear of some occupation for Lucy which might shelter her from the danger he was deeply persuaded must soon fall upon himself. Could he succeed in this, all the painful vacillation he had recently suffered from, would, he well knew, leave him for ever; and unchanged by fear or doubt of any kind, he should move steadily onward in the path he had traced for himself, and which, it was his earnest hope, would lead him, at no very distant period, to the point where he might pass from earth to heaven.

The distance to Natchez was about five miles; and his sound nap in the forest, together with the hope that cheered him, caused him totally to forget his night of anxious watchfulness; and he found himself already looking down from the bright green slope on which stands this singular little town, equally blessed by nature and accursed by man, before he thought that he could have traversed half the distance.

Edward Bligh was not, perhaps, likely to be particularly successful in any business in which that style of colloquy, usually denominated gossip, was, of necessity, to make a part. But on this particular occasion he seemed inspired; and in justice to the versatility of his powers, we must follow him in his talk, as he rambled from store to store.

He first entered the wide, multifarious magazine of Mr. Monroe Vandumper. Though it was still early in the forenoon, there were no less than seven gentlemen, of first-rate standing at Natchez, indulging in the luxury of a cigar in and about the store.

Three of these were perched in attitudes of undoubted ease, but rather questionable elegance, on bales or boxes placed outside the door; and the other four accommodated within it, in a manner evidently very satisfactory to themselves, but which would probably have been the last chosen by the inhabitants of any other country, when engaged in a search after comfort.

One sat astride the counter; a second had climbed to a third tier of woollen cloths set edgeways, apparently with no other object than to place his heels upon a shelf immediately above the door of entrance, so that, by a judicious position of his head, he was enabled to peep between his knees at every person who entered; the third sat deep sunk in an empty cask; while the fourth balanced himself on one leg out of four of a stool so placed as to permit his hitching his heels on the bar from which the shop-scales, for coffee, sugar, and the like, were suspended over the counter.

Edward Bligh entered this store, intending that the purchase of a pound of coffee should lead the way to conversation, either with the master of it or his customers: and to facilitate this, he began by examining some "negro shoes," as they are called, which lay piled up half-way to the ceiling on one side of the magazine.

"Famous good shoes these, sir," said he to the only man who had not a cigar in his mouth, and whom he rightly judged to be the master, though he was earnestly occupied in reading a newspaper;—"capital make—what may be the damage, sir, of half-a-dozen of them?"

"That's according, I expect," replied Mr. Monroe Vandumper, without raising his eyes from the paper.

"Any particular news, sir, to-day?" resumed Edward, still continuing his examination of the negro shoes.

"Umph!" responded Mr. Vandumper; "what part of the country may you be from? Backwoods away, I guess?"

"Just so, sir," replied Edward, good-humoredly; "and it's quite a treat to come to Natchez and hear a little how the world goes. They're beginning to get feverish at New Orleans, I hear; but I hope you've nothing of the sort here as yet?"

"Do you want them shoes?" was the only answer vouchsafed to this inquiry by Mr. Monroe Vandumper; but Edward was too deeply interested in his object to be easily discouraged, and practising a little artifice, which upon any less occasion he would have scorned, he took a handful of silver and copper money from his pocket, saying,

"We back-woodsmen, you know, sir, sometimes want more than we have dollars to pay for; and so I must see all I can, and choose for the best at last. 'Tis not exactly for myself I was inquiring about the shoes: but a neighbor of mine owns slaves, and it is about them that I was asking. And, now I think of it, he told me to inquire in the town here, if there has been any sale lately of young plantation blacks. He wants a girl that can wash and iron, and he would not stand for price. You have not seen any advertisement that you think might suit,—have you, sir?"

"That's considerable more than I can pretend to say. I see over many to remember much of any of 'em. But, if you're looking after that commodity, you'd best step over the way, by the market yonder, and you'll see advertisements stuck up everlasting, there."

"Then that's jest what I'll do, sir; but first, I'll trouble you to sell me a pound of coffee."

There was something in the sweet voice and gentle bearing of Edward that might have disarmed the churlishness of Cerberus; and its influence was felt not only by Mr. Monroe Vandumper himself, who actually laid aside his newspaper, and set about weighing the coffee, but also by the elegant who was swinging his legs, one on each side the counter, and who having just finished his cigar, thus bespoke him:

"So, you're after finding a smart smut—are you, my lad? Confound them all, say I! A fine rumpus they've been making at Oglevie's, down at the factory, by the river, near Orlines. Why, if they hav'n't had the unbelievable impudence to be found with three tracts and a newspaper hid under one of the presses, may I never taste another cigar! and two of the black devils absconded."

"Is that lately, sir?" said Edward.

"Five days ago, by G——d!" replied the young man, bringing his off-leg over the counter, and letting both hang down close to Edward's arm—"only Monday last: and when the tracts were found, and stuck up, burning, upon the end of cane, the whole gang set up such a howl that the foreman was right-down scared. The head clerk is a brother of my own, and he came up in a steamer yesterday to look at a lot of infernal trash of the same sort that was picked up in some cotton-grounds hereabouts. They hope to trace the white rascals they come from; and it's determined on all sides that they shall be tarred and burnt to death in the nearest market-place, let them be found where they may."

"That will be sport, at any rate!" observed the gentleman who was ensconced in the tub. "I would not mind having to flog a nigger or two out of their work for a week, to have the glory of seeing a saint burnt for it."

"I expect not, 'squire," said the balancing occupant of the stool; "it would pay any of us well for the loss of a dozen lazy black devils for a week, such as that; and what's more, we must contrive to have it soon, or I calculate worse will follow. I'm positive certain that some of my black varment are being learned to read; and if that spreads, we'd have an insurrection and be murdered in our beds before we're a year older, as sure as the sun's in heaven."

"Massa want tree pound baccy," said a fine-looking negro lad, approaching the receipt of custom, with money for the purchase on his extended palm.

"You be d—d!" cried the young man on the counter, raising one of his feet as he spoke, and giving a sharp kick to the boy's hand. The money, which consisted of some copper and one or two small silver coins, was scattered far and wide on the floor.

Every white man in the store, save Edward, burst into a shout of laughter.

The young negro was in an agony of terror, and threw himself on the ground to recover the money; but his persecutor sprang from the counter, and assiduously collecting with his feet all the dust and rubbish on the floor to cover the coins, and occasionally kicking aside the hands of the boy as he sought to recover them, produced such a continuation of noisy merriment from the lookers-on, that the loungers outside the store were induced to enter, in order to inquire its cause.

No sooner was the jest made known, than the clamor, kickings, and buffetings became general: while the poor victim, suffering alike from present pain and the dread of future punishment, groaned aloud as his tormentors rolled him from one to the other beneath their feet. Drops of agony stood on Edward's brow. Could he for one moment have possessed a giant's strength, he would willingly have consented to die the next, might he but have used it to crush the wretches, whose wanton, cowardly barbarity he was thus forced to witness. He turned to the door for air, and a moment's reflection closed his idle rage, while it strengthened a thousand-fold the steadfast purpose of his heart.

"You've got fine fun there, I expect there's no denying that," said Mr. Vandumper, recovering at length from his fit of immoderate laughter; "but I'll be burnt if I don't make you pay for the baccy yourselves; so quit, and let the varment get up and do his errand."

The weather was warm, and the exercise they were engaged in violent, so that Mr. Vandumper's remonstrance was seconded by fatigue, and after one final kick from each, the sport ended, and the negro boy was suffered to search among the dust for the money he had lost. He recovered it all, except one small silver coin of the value of six cents. Having sought for this in vain for several minutes, he rose to his feet as if inspired by a sudden ray of hope, and with a look of innocent entreaty that might have moved a savage, said,

"You give me the baccy, massa, for this?" holding out the recovered money as he spoke.

Mr. Monroe Vandumper received the money and counted it.

"Now, isn't he an impudent varment?" he exclaimed, turning to the weary jesters, who were wiping their brows after the sport. "Isn't he a proper nigger?—You black dirt you! d'ye think I'll trust such a one as you a picayune?"

Exhausted as they were, this sally produced another hearty laugh from the bystanders; while Edward, whose eyes were fixed upon the boy, saw him visibly tremble, and such an expression of terror took possession of his young features, that, thoughtless of the observations it might provoke, he supplied the piece of money that was wanting, saying—

"Off with you, boy, with your baccy; and then I shall get my coffee you see."

A glance of mingled surprise and rapture shot from the large eyes of the boy as he fixed them for a moment on the face of his benefactor; but Edward had the prudence to take no farther notice of him.

Mr. Vandumper whistled a bar or two of Yankee Doodle, without speaking, weighed the three pounds of tobacco, tied it up, again counted the money that had been laid upon the counter, and then pushing the parcel to the young slave, dismissed him with saying, "Go and be flogged for wasting your master's time, you black imp!"

The boy gave one more speaking glance at Edward and departed. As he reached the door, the gentleman who was perched aloft close to it, and who had taken no farther part in the scene that had just passed than cheering the actors in it by shouts of laughter, stooping forward his head as the boy passed under him, contrived accurately to spit upon him as he went out. Once more the chamber rang with laughter, and then Edward received his pound of coffee and left the shop.

ALARIC, GENSERIC, AND ATTILA,

WHO OVERRAN ANCIENT ROME, WITH THEIR GOTHS AND VANDALS.

First, Alaric, at the head of the Goths, overran Italy, impelled by the breath of Jehovah, as a vessel is driven by the tempest. He goes not in his own strength merely; but seems urged and sustained by a mighty, yet invisible power. A monk met him in the midst of his career, and conjured him to turn back. "It is not in my power," replied the barbarian: "an irresistible impulse forces me onward to the overthrow of Rome." Three times he surrounded the eternal city with his sea of soldiers: and three times like the ebbing tide, he retired from it. An embassy of citizens was at length despatched to his camp, recommending him to abandon his enterprise, and assuring him that he would else encounter an army thrice as numerous as his own. "So much the better," replied this reaper of men; "the thicker the grass, the more easily it is mown."

At length, however, he acceded to their request, on condition of receiving, as a recompense for his clemency, all the gold, silver, precious stones, and barbarian slaves that the city contained. "What, then, will remain to the inhabitants?" demanded the ambassadors. "Life," replied Alaric.

The Romans, of necessity, submitted to the severe terms of the conqueror, and delivered to him five thousand pounds weight of gold; thirty thousand pounds of silver; four thousand tunics of silk; three thousand scarlet skins; and three thousand pounds of pepper. The vanquished inhabitants, for their ransom, had melted the golden statute of Courage, which they called the Martial Virtue.

Genseric, at the head of the Vandals, passed into Africa, and marched toward Carthage, where the wrecks of Rome had taken refuge. He arrived before the city; and while his troops were mounting the ramparts, the people were descending to the circus. Without, was the tumult of arms; and within, the resounding echoes of the games: at the foot of the walls were the shrieks and curses of those who had slipped in gore and fell in the melee; on the steps of the amphitheatre, where the songs of musicians and the sound of accompanying flutes.

After taking full possession of the city, Genseric presented himself at the circus, and commanded its guards to open the gates. "To whom?" said they. "To the King of the earth and the sea," replied the conqueror.

Not content with the subjugation of Carthage, Genseric now prepared for further victories. He did not know what people dwelt on the earth, but he panted to destroy them. He embarked his army on the sea, and when the pilot demanded what course he should steer, his answer was, "Where God pleases to send me."

"Against what nation do you make war?"

"Against that which God wills to punish."

The last of this trio of conquerors, was Attila, whose destination was Gaul. Wherever he encamped, his army covered the space of three cities. A captive king mounted guard at the tent of each of his generals; and at his own tent, one of his own generals stood sentinel. He disdained the gold and silver vessels of Greece, and feasted on raw flesh served in dishes of wood. As he paused with his army on the banks of the Danube, arrested for the moment by its deep and turbulent current, a she dog led the way to a ford across the Palus Mæotides, and disappeared. Having surmounted this obstacle, he swept like a torrent over the Eastern Empire, making Leo the Second and Zeno Isauricus his tributaries. He strode with disdain through Rome, already ruined by Alaric, and at length planted his foot on that portion of the earth which is now called France. Here his devastating progress left but two cities standing, Troyes and Paris. By day, the earth was crimsoned by blood; and at night, the blazing homes of the slaughtered inhabitants illumined and reddened the firmament. Children were suspended by the leg to trees, and abandoned, alive, to birds of prey. Maidens were crushed under chariot-wheels. Old men were fastened to the necks of goaded horses that rushed with them to destruction. Five hundred blazing cities designated the march of the King of the Huns across the world, and a desolate wilderness occupied the intervals between them.

"The grass itself will not grow," said the exterminator, "after the steed of Attila has trampled it!"

Everything concerning these envoys of celestial vengeance is extraordinary.

Alaric, when about to embark for Sicily, died at Cosentia. His soldiers, aided by their army of prisoners, turned the course of the Busento, and dug a deep trench for his corpse in the midst of the channel. They then heaped over the body gold and jewels, and precious stuffs, turned back the current of the river to its original bed, and massacred the slaves who aided in the task, that the secret of the sepulture might remain untold.

Attila expired in the arms of his bride, Ildico; and the Huns made incision beneath their eyes with the points of their sword, that with the blood of men, and not the tears of women, they might bewail the loss of their conquering chieftian. The flower of his soldiers kept watch during the day over his body, chanting warlike songs. At night, they enclosed the corpse in three coffins—one of gold, another of silver, and the last of iron—and buried it privately on a bed of arms, flags, and precious stones; and, as in the case of Alaric, to prevent the secret of this sepulchral wealth from transpiring, the grave-diggers were pushed into the tombs and interred alive with the dead.—*Dumas's Progress of Democracy.*

THE PHARISEE OF THE PRESS.

The Pharisee of this stamp is the sleek man, who edits a newspaper. His care is never to say a word offensive to the orthodox ears of his own cotorie. His aim is to follow in the wake of public opinion, and utter, from time to time, his oracular generalities, so that whether the course be prosperous or unsuccessful, he may seem to have predicted it. If he must sometimes speak of a new measure, whose fate is doubtful with the people, no one knows whether he would favor or reject it; so equally do his arguments balance one another. Never was prophecy more clearly inspired and impersonal. He cannot himself tell what his prediction meant, until it was fulfilled. "If Cræsus cross the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire," thunders the Pharisee from his editorial corner, but takes care not to tell whether Persia or Lydia shall come to the ground. Suggest a doubt that he ever opposed a measure, which has since become popular, he will prove you the contrary; and his words really have that meaning, though none suspected it at the time, and he least of all. In his, as in all predictions, there is a double sense. If he would abuse a man or an institution, which is somewhat respectable, and against which he has a private grudge, he inserts most calumnious articles in the shape of a "communication," declaring at the same time, "his columns are open to all." He attacks an innocent man, soon as he is unpopular; but gives him no chance to reply, though in never so Christian a spirit. Let a distinguished man censure one comparatively unknown, he would be very glad to insert the injured man's defence, but is prevented by "a press of political matter," or "a press of foreign matter," till the day of reply has passed. Let an humble scholar send a well-written article for his journal, which does not square with the notions of the cotorie; it is returned, with insult added to the wrong, and an "editorial" appears, putting the public on its guard against such as hold the obnoxious opinions, calling them knaves and fools; or, what is more taking with the public at this moment, when the majority are so very faithful and religious, "infidels" and "atheists." The aim of this man is to please his party and seem fair. Send him a paper, reflecting on the measures or the men of that party, he tells you it would do no good to insert it, though ably written. He tells his wife the story, adding that he must have meat and drink, and the article would have "cost a subscriber." He begins by loving his party better than mankind; he goes on by loving their opinions more than truth; and ends by loving his own interest better than that of his party. He might be painted as a man sitting astride a fence, which divided two enclosures, with his hands thrust into his pockets. As men come into one or the other enclosure, he bows obsequiously and smiles; bowing lowest and smiling sweetest to the most distinguished person. When the people have chosen their place, he comes down from that bad eminence, to the side where the majority are assembled; and will prove to your teeth, that he had always stood on that side, and was never on the fence, except to reconnoitre the enemy's position.—*The Dial.*

True Refomers.—True apostles of the highest civilization of which we are capable, we must first civilize ourselves, first show ourselves living commentaries upon our divine text. If the truth is in us, we shall of necessity touch a chord of the the universal human heart, which will guide to its restoration to its native and divine harmony. This is man-like, Christ-like, God-like—to seek to persuade mankind to accept the blessings of the highest life—truest civilization—by the irresistible persuasion of a divine example.—*Edmund Quincy.*

To doubt a friend is to lose him. Believe a man honest, and you make him so.

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